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The Week

IN support of the Brotherhood plan for ownership and operation of the railways Warren S. Stone, Chief of the Locomotive Engineers, declares that "it marks the step by which organized labor passes from demands for wage increases to demands that the system of profits in industry be overhauled." That statement, coming from the leader of a powerful trade union, hitherto conservative, raises a fundamental issue bound sooner or later to take precedence over all others in the determination of American industrial relations.

IF the diplomats in Paris want order in Hungary they have two alternatives before them: either they must deal straightforwardly with the government that succeeds the Communists or they must fall back on the bankrupt policy of "occupation." With only French troops to count upon, in any numbers, the Peace Conference is likely to prefer the first alternative. But that is a game demanding foresight and honesty in a greater degree than the Conference has shown in its dealings with Russia, Austria and Germany. It requires the offering of a just peace, the refusal to countenance a counterrevolution which would take the land from the peasants or institute a white terror, and the guarantee that Hungary's ambitious neighbors will not cut into her estate. As we go to press it is reported that Rumanian troops, disregarding orders from the Peace Conference, have already entered and pillaged Budapest.

MR. EDWARD BING, United Press correspondent, declares that Lenin has given him "his first bona fide interview." The central point in what Lenin says is his statement that "many times" the Soviet government has offered peace to the Allied peoples. If that is indeed the fact, the Allied peoples know nothing about it. Whether Lenin is telling the truth, and if so, what his proposals have been, are questions that open diplomacy has never placed before us.

AN Associated Press dispatch from Paris brings news that Admiral Kolchak, having given up his entire battle-line, is now about to part with his capital. He is moving from Omsk to Irkutsk, twelve hundred and seventy-five more miles away from Moscow. His friends, however, still share an unbounded optimism. Mr. Bakhmetev, Kolchak's special representative in the United States, returns from Paris with this explanation for Kolchak's withdrawal to Irkutsk: "Ups and downs, fluctuations of military chances, are but natural. . . . For a healthy cause a setback is but a step toward improvement." Kolchak's cause, however, is not a healthy one. Reports which the Associated Press brings to America say that the morale of his army "is becoming so bad that there is little hope of it regaining the territory recently lost to the Bolsheviki." Where are the legions that were to spring to the aid of the democratic army? Despite a censorship, and the active propaganda of many agents, facts themselves are more and more revealing that Kolchak lacks the popular support which Sazanov and Bakhmetev have conjured up for him.

MR. BAKHMETEV does his best, in the interview he granted to the press on his return from Paris, to picture Admiral Kolchak as a military success and a democrat. He paints Kolchak, the general, by talking about Denikin; he describes Kolchak's brand of democracy in vague terms that nowhere summon facts. You would not guess from Mr. Bakhmetev's story that Kolchak came into power by overthrowing a democratic, non-Bolshevist government. You would not guess that anywhere in Siberia was his authority challenged. It is an interesting fact, nevertheless, that at the very time Mr. Bakhmetev declares "all the regional formations have recognized the government of Admiral Kolchak," the Inter-Allied Railway Commission has form-

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ally protested to Kolchak that General Semenoff (in territory supposedly controlled by the Admiral) has violated the agreement made with the Allies for operation of the railways.

KOLCHAK, for a time, may have British munitions—but he will not have British troops. That is the conclusion of Mr. Winston Churchill's address in Parliament—an address which was heralded as a defense of British policy, and which turned out to be a confession of complete failure. The Murman coast had first been seized, said Mr. Churchill, to prevent its being used as a submarine base by Germany. Afterwards, though no war had been declared against Russia, it was held so that a juncture with Kolchak might be effected, through Katlas and Perm, and the Archangel front be made part of Kolchak's main line. But that plan failed. Kolchak, instead of advancing, was driven far back from Perm. And so, said Mr. Churchill, British troops were to be withdrawn, from the Caucasus as well as from North Russia—withdrawn at the earliest possible moment consistent with their safety, British honor, the Russian civilians they had been defending, and their responsibility (this is the way "non-interference" works) toward "the government which had been set up at British instigation."

MR. CHURCHILL'S speech may bring the government a temporary respite from questions in Parliament; outside of Parliament, however, things are far from going the government's way. In Bothwell last week there was a by-election. Bothwell, in December, gave the Lloyd George Coalition a majority of 332. But Bothwell, this time, gave the Labor party a victory by the amazing majority of 7,000. Nor has the government escaped from even the more immediate of its industrial problems. After an announcement that the coal strike had been settled the Yorkshire mines remained idle, and fifty factories in Bradford were forced to close their doors for lack of fuel. In the background, most menacing of all, is the referendum now being taken by the Triple Alliance of railwaymen, transport workers and miners on the question of a general strike—a strike aimed at conscription, intervention in Russia, and the continued imprisonment of conscientious objectors.

HOW far we are from any new order in international relations is again disclosed in an appeal made by the Premier of Italy for an alliance with France. Nitti plainly relies on the politics of power. "As a result of the war," he says, "two million Italians have been added to our population. In a few years we shall have fifty millions—as against an Austria reduced to morsels, a reduced Germany and a limbless Russia. Of all the countries, Italy emerges from the war in the best condition, with more men fit for work. We shall possess henceforth impregnable frontiers. We will form the strongest body in Continental Europe." To those who are not sentimental this will read very much like the words in which Bismarck boasted his wares to the elder Andrássy, at the close of an earlier war.

FRENCH armies will "take and keep the left bank of the Rhine unless the American Senate ratifies the Anglo-French-American alliance." That is the threat made by Stephan Luzanne, editor of le Matin, one of the papers often inspired by opinion in the French Foreign Office. M. Luzanne puts a slight valuation on the Senate's privilege as a treaty-making power. A bargain driven with Mr. Wilson, he thinks, is equivalent to a bargain driven with America. "America is morally obligated," he says; "if America goes back on her word. . . ."

THE American Senate lacks M. Luzanne's definiteness, in its opinion of what the Tri-Power Alliance involves. Certain Senators seem to think that the Alliance would do well enough if a "reservation" were made to separate it from its fictitious relation to the Covenant. If they follow that course they will mistake the implication of the Alliance for America. What is wrong with the Alliance is not that it is tied up with the League of Nations, but that it repudiates the League entirely. No "reservation" can make it anything other than it is: a pact with which the diplomats in the French Foreign Office hope to drive advantageous bargains on the Continent. Not reservation but complete rejection is demanded in the interest of democratic France no less than of America.

CONGRESS and the Administration may be behindhand in their plans to deal with the cost of living; but both are ready with plans for our protection in the next war. Secretary Baker has recommended a bill for three months' compulsory military training; Senator Chamberlain and Representative Kahn have introduced a different bill which provides for training during six months. This second plan makes a period of compulsory service possible, at the end of the training period, if voluntary enlistments do not keep the regular army up to its full strength. It must be admitted that those who have opposed compulsory military training in the past (believing that a system of physical training or vocational education, or both, was possible under civil authority) have a weaker case now that the world has failed to get a peace which discredits armament. It is nevertheless true that these American plans are brought forward at a time when the democratic element in every European country is threatening the downfall of that cabinet which dares to touch conscription.

JUSTICE JOHN V. McAVOY of the Supreme Court of New York State has dismissed action brought by the Attorney General to annul the charter of the Rand School of Social Science. The court's ruling did not involve the merits in the case; the Attorney General simply was not ready to go on. After all the sensational allusions to the evidence of revolutionary activities seized in the Rand School raid, this is what happened when a test actually came:

> Justice McAvoy: Why are you not ready to go on trial now? There was an agreement to try this case at this time.
>
> Deputy Attorney General: There are a number of matters—I am ready to put them before Your Honor in affidavit form.
>
> Justice McAvoy: Never mind an affidavit—just tell me what they are.

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Deputy Attorney General: We would prefer—

Justice McAvoy: No doubt you prefer—but I am asking for your reasons and would like an answer before we go further.

No satisfactory answer being furnished the case was dismissed. In the Fall, the Attorney General says, he will make a new attempt to take away the Rand School charter. The manner in which he has handled his first effort merely reacts on the heads of those who want to meet with a police club the advocacy of economic change.

SECRETARY DANIELS' proposal to make the means of radio communication a government monopoly opens an issue of genuine importance. For control of the radio service will prove an essential factor in international relations. Particularly with a treaty which establishes so many possible causes of dispute, and with a League which provides for consultation between no one except members of the several Foreign Offices, the promise of peace depends upon the ability of the rank and file in each country to keep informed of one another's real motives despite the diplomats. In the past the rank and file has played a losing game. The Krupps bought newspapers to tell the German people that Russia was threatening; the Russian munition makers used Germany as a spectre. It was a great game for the powder people; but it helped bring on the most heart-breaking tragedy of our century. Nor is it always, or only, the munition makers who color the news. Sometimes it is the editor or statesman, afraid of ideas he thinks contagious, or the investor in foreign concessions. More than a little manufactured news is coming to us today from Russia and Mexico.

IT is not that these forces in some fashion manage to ban news they don't like. It is simply that the defenders of the status quo ordinarily have funds which the labor and liberal papers lack—funds which enable them to purchase the service of the cables. Any paper, of course, can carry correspondence sent by mail. But mail matter has a hard time competing with up-to-date news, particularly if any situation is at all critical. What the world very much needs is a system of cheap and untrammeled communication. The radio promises such a system, but not unless its rates and control are based on an ideal of public service. Mr. Daniels' proposal is along the right track, though we shall need good guarantees on two points: that the radios will be made common carriers, like the railways, taking material from all comers; and that they will be entirely protected from all blighting censorship of future Mr. Burlesons.

IN an industry devoted to the gaudiest of manufactures—to the making of imitation flowers and feathers—there are conditions of labor as disreputable as can be found anywhere in our larger cities. Children under ten work in the tenements to help their mothers patch out a meagre wage. In some of the shops it is against rules to open windows because of the harm that draughts might do to the feathers—and the women and children must do their work in an atmosphere filled with the fumes of dye chemicals. Two years ago the Women's Trade Union League began to organize the industry. It is far enough along now, to risk a strike. The workers have two demands: they want a wage that won't make it necessary to put children at the workbench—and they want the establishment of a board of sanitary control to safeguard both the workers and the public which buys their product.

THE interview given by President Carranza to the Associated Press is an obvious effort to pacify American sentiment. Some of our own statesmen are following a different course. It is natural for Congressmen from the Southwest to feel a keen responsibility for action that will bring peace on the border. But the speech made in Congress last week by Mr. Hudspeth of Texas will only increase the ill will he deplores. That is certainly the result when a responsible member of the government arises in Congress, points to the American flag above the Speaker's desk and cries: "Let us carry that flag into Mexico to protect our citizens."—"I am not a jingo or an agitator," says Mr. Hudspeth; but in that light he will be regarded by Americans who believe there is still a better road to peace with Mexico than by the initiation of a new war.

IN the state of Washington a Superior Court judge has ruled that if women employees are to be paid the minimum wage fixed by state law then they must work seven days a week. His decision is based on the fact that no reference to a one day's rest was made in the conference that originally fixed the present minimum rate—though a later meeting of the State Industrial Commission made an explicit ruling in favor of "an eight-hour day and a six-day week of 48 hours' service." Shabby treatment of this sort will only confirm the suspicion of many workers that what the legislatures give them the courts try to take away.

The Challenge of the Railroad Brotherhoods

UNTIL last week, American opinion refused to take seriously the nationalization programme of the railway brotherhoods. Plans of bankers, railway officials, security holders and commercial organizations held the stage. Few people, probably not Mr. Wilson himself, imagined that the general aspirations toward democratization of industry in the last presidential address to Congress had any application to the railroad problem. Now the brotherhoods have called attention to their plan in the most peremptory and compelling manner. They have challenged Congress to drop political manoeuvering and reply, yes or no, whether it has any concrete programme for increasing the buying power of railroad wages. They have challenged the President to say whether he intends to give any practical application to his demand for the "genuine democratization of industry, based upon a full recognition of the right of those who work, in whatever rank, to participate in some organic way in every decision which

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directly affects their welfare in the part they are to play in industry." They have flung their ultimate challenge to the old political parties, either to produce something more tangible for labor than resolutions and investigations, or to stop professing friendship for the workingman and make way for a new political labor party.

It is important to understand clearly what the brotherhood plan involves, for it is easy to foresee that the plan will receive its full share of misrepresentation during the coming months. It is not, as has been ignorantly charged, a plan for turning over the railroads to the brotherhoods for operation. The brotherhoods themselves are not mentioned in the bill in which the plan is embodied, although the principle of freedom of association is of course preserved. The railroads are to be owned by the Federal Government, and ultimately controlled by Congress, but they are to be leased for operation to a corporation of which the classified employees are to control by election only a third of the board of directors. The railway officials are to elect another third, and the government the remainder. Of course the brotherhoods will exert a powerful influence on the policies of the corporation, but their influence will be tempered with a corresponding share of responsibility for the success of the undertaking.

The second point to bear in mind is that the National Railways Operating Corporation, as the proposed operating body is called, will by no means exercise all of the powers formerly exercised by the private stock corporations. Not only will the Interstate Commerce Commission keep its control over rates, service, discrimination, accounting, safety appliances, and similar matters vitally affecting the public, but it is given jurisdiction over the expenditures for maintenance of the property, so that the corporation does not let the roadway and equipment run down. Moreover a Board of Appraisement and Extension is created, composed of the members of the Interstate Commerce Commission and three directors of the Railways Corporation, and it is given a supervisory authority over all new construction extensions and betterments. In these vital matters the national interest is preserved to a much greater degree than under the former system of private corporate control.

Since the plan emanates from the railway employees, critics will naturally scrutinize carefully the machinery for determining the compensation of employees. Primary control of wages and salaries is placed in the Board of Directors, as it was formerly in the boards of directors of the private corporations. There is created, however, a Central Board of Wages and Working Conditions, composed of an equal number of employees and officials, with authority to determine conclusively by majority vote any general question of wages or working conditions. In addition there are local boards of adjustment similarly organized. If either the Central Board or a local board is equally divided on any question, there is an appeal to the Board of Directors. In addition to regular wages, the employees are entitled at the end of the year to one-half the profits, above the operating expenses and fixed charges, the remaining half going to the Federal Government.

To meet the obvious criticism that this arrangement will make it possible for employees and officials, controlling as they do between them a majority of the board of directors, to combine to raise wages, and that it will tempt them to exert pressure for an increase in rates, so as to increase their share of profits, the brotherhoods rely on two safeguards. They have provided that if at any time the government's share (and hence also the employees' share) of profits shall receive five per cent of the gross returns, the Interstate Commerce Commission shall at once reduce freight rates. And they have given to the railroad officials twice as large a share, in proportion to their salaries, as to the classified employees, so that the profit incentive will induce the officials to resist any undue increase in wages for the classified employees.

Finally the brotherhoods have shown their interest in reducing the fixed charges with which the system is to be burdened, by including in their plan a theory of valuation which would largely reduce the present capitalization of the railroads. The theory contemplates elimination of all unearned increments of value contributed by the community, and of all increments of value due to re-investment of excessive earnings. On a valuation thus reduced, the present owners are to receive compensation in cash or government bonds.

These are the features of the plan which will be most prominent in the discussion which is certain to ensue. That the discussion will be animated, may be judged from the reception which the plan has received during the past week. In its detail, the subject is as complex and controversial as any public question the country has ever faced. Of hostile criticism there will of course be no dearth. Much of it will emanate from ignorance of the plan and of the problem, but much of it also will be intelligent, for the powerful interests which the plan will antagonize have unlimited control over brains as well as over avenues of publicity. On the other hand the plan may be expected to receive loyal and unqualified support from the large body of railroad workers in whose interest it is drawn, and from those who sympa-

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thize with their aspirations, but have not the time or knowledge to qualify their support with constructive criticism.

The kind of criticism of which there will be a lack, is the criticism which accepts the fundamental democratic impulse which inspires the brotherhoods' programme, which approves the underlying principle of national ownership and ultimate national control coupled with democratic internal management, but which insists that the principle be so applied that it does not sacrifice the imperative national interest in efficient, flexible and progressive railway service at reasonable cost. A careful study of the brotherhood plan will show the need of many amendments in this direction. The authority of the government over service, construction, extension, rates, and other matters of national concern must be still further strengthened. The greatest care must be taken to prevent the establishment of a body of employees with vested interests and privileges at war with the rest of society. The ultimate control of wages and salaries, even with the safeguard embodied in the brotherhoods' plan, cannot be left with the interested employees. In its detailed provisions and phraseology the present bill is open to many objections. But criticism of this character will not affect the conclusion that in its fundamental principles the brotherhoods' plan is sound, and an epoch-making contribution to the cause of industrial democracy.

The Useless Parties

A FEW days ago the Administration woke up with a start and discovered that the cost of living was high. This discovery seems to have been induced through a report given to Mr. Wilson by his party manager and by the very frank threat of Mr. Lee of the Locomotive Engineers. The usual symptoms of activity in Washington recurred. The Attorney-General looked very busy. He always does whether it's a question of catching bomb plotters or dealing with prices. For politicians have faith in the magic of policemen found elsewhere only in small boys. So the Attorney-General took the initiative. Then there were hurried conferences. Two dozen Congressmen introduced resolutions to investigate. The White House reporters reported Mr. Wilson and Mr. Tumulty gravely concerned.

Plan? No. Policy? No. Far be it from the Administration to be ready. To be sure you could block the front door of the White House with the memoranda submitted within the last eighteen months by subordinate officials and by friends of the Administration urging it to be ready for this emergency. Mr. Wilson hates to be ready. He hates to think out anything ahead of time. He plays by ear. And the Republicans? There you have leadership, efficiency, forethought, insight to confound the Democrats. You have nothing of the kind. The Republicans were about to take a vacation while Mr. Lodge frittered away their opportunity in regard to the treaty.

Now all the politicians will twitter about the high cost of living. Before we take them too seriously let us look back a few years. The cost of living was already high in 1912 and the party platforms dealt with the subject:

> Democratic—The high cost of living is a serious problem in every American home. The Republican party, in its platform, attempts to escape from responsibility for present conditions by denying they are due to a protective tariff, etc., etc.
>
> Republican—The steadily increasing cost of living has become a matter not only of national but of world-wide concern. The fact that it is not due to the protective tariff system, etc., etc.

On December second, just before his departure for Europe, Mr. Wilson addressed Congress. It was the time to have laid the foundation for demobilization in the widest sense. It was a time to begin investigations at least. But the best the President could do was to sneer at plans of reconstruction by using the word in quotation marks, and to utter that classic of irresponsibility and thoughtlessness: "But the moment we knew the armistice to have been signed we took the harness off." Today, nine months after the armistice, he is beginning to get ready to inquire what kind of harness to restore. Nothing is ready. His war organizations, so necessary to the problem, have been scattered. The splendid Food Administration, built up by Mr. Hoover, is virtually dissolved. His departments have been dozing. And the Republican opposition is just a little more asleep than the Administration it would like to criticise and doesn't know how.

There is no hope in the old parties, and these spasmodic efforts to meet crises after they exist are the sure sign that no one who has his wits about him will have any further confidence in them. The time is approaching for a new deal in American politics. The old parties may save us a few pennies now. For that, thanks. But they have neither the intelligence nor the will nor the integrity to deal with the problem. They do not mean business and they will not do business. The decisive motive in both cases is appearances for 1920. Economic relief will not come through them. It will come only from those who are willing to organize politically and economically for issues that reach beyond 1920.

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Towards a New Party

THE charges and counter-charges of partisanship in the Senate and the White House deceive no one who is not engaged in party politics. Everybody can see that the debate is governed by party motives on both sides of the chamber, the Democrats no less than the Republicans, and it is just buncomb to pretend that one group is acting on principle and the other for partisan advantage. What we are witnessing is simply the two-party system at work, and while we watch we may learn.

In each party there is a preponderant nucleus of men who are just " regular." They vote with the label. They will vote for any League or no League, for amendments, rejection, acceptance, reservation, so long as the vote is regular. Around this nucleus there is a fringe of men who combine a desire for regularity with a more active sense of the future. They want not only to be regular, but to have their regularity prove to have been the right kind of regularity. Beyond them is an outer fringe who have convictions to which they are almost willing to sacrifice their own regularity. To the party managers, the supreme thing is regularity. So in each party conciliation and discipline, trading and negotiation is practiced. It is aimed at the moderate and the intransigeant fringes, for the nucleus is " safe " in any event.

As the parties stand today, the Democrats look much more united than the Republicans. Excepting Reed and Gore and perhaps Thomas, regularity is more prevalent than with the Republicans. This has nothing to do with principle. It derives from the solid South which constitutes the invincible nucleus of the Democratic party. In the southern Democracy regularity is a religion based on the supremacy of the white race, and irregularity in the South approaches sedition. With this great force to play with, the northern Democrats can exercise a discipline which is politically a matter of life and death. A Democratic President in control of southern regularity cannot be resisted in the presence of a national election by the scattered and fundamentally weak Democratic machines of the North.

The Republicans, excluding the South, are the dominant party in the rest of the nation. But they are in no sense a united party. All the normal divisions of men into reactionary, conservative, liberal and radical occur within the Republican party. But though they occur they dare not become too insistent for fear of dividing the party, and any division means instant victory for the Democrats with their solid South. If the Republicans should split, as they would if principle and interest were decisive, the country would fall into the hands of the southern Democracy. That democracy, in spite of its name, has no vitality because the race question absorbs every other consideration. If the Republicans yielded to principle, they would surrender all chance of power to men who cannot afford to indulge in principle because they must maintain the position of their race.

Democratic regularity, based on the Negro-White complex, produces Republican regularity based on fear of the Democrats. And so long as the next national election is the supreme interest of every politician there is no escape from the circle of regularity. The effect is obvious. In the last few weeks the Republicans have had such a chance as rarely comes to a party. Mr. Wilson, for various reasons, has lost sight of America's real interests in the world settlement, and has accepted commitments of a kind which no man who cares for the peace of the world and the safety of America in that peace will underwrite. It is very difficult for him to acknowledge his situation, though many of his closest advisers in Paris realize it perfectly. The Democrats cannot force him to acknowledge it because they are irretrievably regular, and they would be lost sheep without Mr. Wilson as leader. The Republicans are free to criticise and free to take an independent line. But they are really not a party. They are a forced and unnatural union of groups with conflicting ideas and rival leaders. That Gronna and La Follette should be in the same party as Smoot, Penrose and Lodge is a joke, but it is a persistent joke. That Hiram Johnson and Borah should be under the same label as Brandegee or Warren would be inconceivable if these men weren't tied in a bundle by party regularity.

Being tied they simply neutralize each other and the ideas of each is cancelled out by the ideas of the other. That is why the Republicans have wobbled all over the place. At one minute they lurch to the left under the effect of a kick from some progressive; at another they are pulled to the right by a tory. This naturally terrifies Mr. Will Hays out of his senses, and he rushes about the country calling upon the elder statesmen to devise a common policy. Hence in succession Mr. Root, Mr. Taft, Mr. Hughes suggest a programme. Fundamentally, the object of the programme, as Mr. Taft confessed, is party regularity to offset Democratic party regularity.

Behind the schisms of the Republicans lie real divisions of interest and principle. There is the Republican international banking fraternity which honestly desires ratification to stabilize the world's business. This group, though immensely powerful

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in the press, is curiously weak in the Senate because the Senate's effective constituents are local interests. These interests are protectionist and aggressively set toward trade expansion. They fear the internationalism of the League for its effect on tariffs, trade monopolies, and imperial projects generally. They are well represented in Pennsylvania, for example. In the Northwest there is another so-called Republican group engaged on the underside of a social conflict. It has the usual characteristics of an insurgent party. That is to say, it tends to be humanitarian, vaguely liberal, and anti-European in the traditional American sense. Then there is a Republican group living on the Pacific frontier with the normal fears and, if you please, hallucinations, of a population in the face of a potential enemy. In addition, one may note scattered through the urban centres of the country a conservative Republican party of prestige, easily aroused by militarist agitation, and intensely exasperated by the progressivism which surrounds it. Its idol is Leonard Wood, and its gospel the tradition of Theodore Roosevelt with 1912 expurgated.

In an important sense the debates of American politics occur within the Republican party. Its regularity is never so grim as that of the Democrats. Actual divisions representing genuine differences can rise and sometimes even actually reach the surface. Then the country enjoys a period of political revival. The Democrats bound down by their racial problem practically never function as a party. If they win they are manoeuvred by their leader, and their success or failure depends upon his leadership. There is little democracy within their party, though there has been a certain amount of Jeffersonian radicalism in the party's professions. The Democrats have a good autocrat or a bad one, but because they are invincibly orthodox they can only have an autocrat. The Republicans, on the other hand, are regular for the sake of expediency. They trim to win. So they tend to select as leaders expert, or perhaps inexpert, trimmers like Mr. Taft and Mr. Hughes or Governor Lowden. Being a collection of conflicting groups, they seek a neutral leadership. To the Democrats, harmony is something almost as inevitable as the color of men's skins. To the Republicans, harmony is something that Mr. Will Hays has to work day and night to contrive. For Republicans bolt, but a Champ Clark will only sulk.

All this bears heavily on the possibility of new alignments as a result of the bankruptcy of the two old parties. They are showing conclusively that they drift helplessly, incapable of foreseeing the needs or expressing the energies of the nation. They merely divide the constructive forces and then neutralize them. But the remedy is not to rush off and hire a hall, found a new national party, enunciate a programme and wait for the votes. The worst thing that could happen to the interest of progressives would be for somebody like Hearst, or even Borah, to try a new adventure. It would be merely the exploitation of a great possibility bound in the end to bring betrayal and disillusionment.

As men are grouped politically in America today, the first principle of effective party-building is not to begin, as the 1912 progressives did, with a desire to achieve the Presidency or nothing. The real way is to organize the liberal forces locally, win local elections, and gradually group the localities. The progressives should not aim at the National Executive now. In national affairs their immediate objective should be a block of liberal Congressmen, who will have the balance of power in Congress and will have a chance to educate the country to a new leadership.

But what then are the representatives to represent? The organized farmers and the organized workers? Yes. But that is easier said than done. The difficulty is not so much in what Mr. Gompers thinks or does not think. It lies in the ancient conflict of interest between the producers of food and urban industry, between dear food and cheap food.

Nor is there at present a solidarity within labor which could enable it to act effectively in politics. The powerful unions occupying strategic positions as in the railroads, for example, have hitherto used their power to raise wages, regardless of the effect on the prices which other workingmen have to pay for their goods. It is in this connection that the tactics used by Mr. Lee of the Brotherhood of American Engineers become a matter of first rate importance. For what Mr. Lee said the other day was that either the cost of living must be reduced or wages must go up, and he preferred a reduction of prices. One must hope that he will persist in that line. If the big unions lead in the campaign to cut living expenses they will be acting on behalf of all labor and of the middle classes generally. They will exercise a national leadership. But if they simply jack up their own wages because they have the power to do so, they will not only tend to make matters worse, but they will in the end be regarded as rather dangerous and irresponsible aggressive minorities.

Let the unions unite to insist on a reduction of the cost of living and they will find common ground for all labor and common ground between labor and the bulk of the community. But unity and insistence alone will not reduce prices. Understand-

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ing is needed for that, and we venture to predict that if the union leaders will pursue the subject they will discover that there can be no permanent relief short of a cooperative system of distribution for the necessities of life. When they have gotten to that point, they will reach common ground with the progressive farmers, and a penetrating social programme will begin to define itself. The distributing cooperative, dealing with the farmer on one side and industry democratically controlled on the other, is not only the surest way out of our economic troubles but the true bond of unity for all those who want a progressive democracy.

Political representation would follow inevitably and naturally. It would not be something based on the popularity of a politician but the expression of forces at once aware of their interests and of the larger groupings into which those special interests fall.

The Debt of Lafayette

IN presenting the French Alliance to the Senate Mr. Wilson rested his whole case on one argument:

> I was moved to sign this treaty by considerations which will, I hope, seem as persuasive and irresistible to you as they seemed to me. We are bound to France by ties of friendship which we have always regarded, and shall always regard, as peculiarly sacred. She assisted us to win our freedom as a nation.

This obligation Mr. Wilson discovered for the first time somewhere between January first, 1919, and April first, 1919. He discovered it because Marshal Foch insisted upon the annexation of the left bank of the Rhine, and because other but more moderate French leaders insisted upon a buffer state in the Rhineland. Mr. Wilson was told that France must either have these strategic guarantees or a special alliance. Without one or the other the Clemenceau cabinet would fall under the combined attack of the militarists and the socialists. To save Clemenceau Mr. Wilson agreed to this treaty. Having agreed to it under compulsion, against his judgment and against all his previous utterances, he makes a virtue of his necessity and puts the bargain forward as payment of the debt of Lafayette, and because he can do nothing without investing it with an air of high and universal morality, he calls M. Clemenceau's political tactics "the true heart of duty."

If Mr. Wilson's alleged reasons for this alliance were the true reasons, he would stand condemned as one of the most ungrateful statesmen of history. If what he says now is so, it must always have been so for the last one hundred and forty years, and all of Mr. Wilson's declamation against special alliances must have been not only insincere but at variance with the true heart of duty. Of course, no responsible person, either in France or in America, ever seriously insisted on this historical sentimentalism as a basis of statesmanship, and Mr. Wilson knows, as well as any one, that he is simply using this catch-cry to avoid the necessity of explaining in straightforward fashion the bargain he was compelled to make. This is the least frank of all his manoeuvres and the least pardonable effort yet made to exploit American inexperience in foreign affairs.

The main facts are these: France remains the strongest power on the continent. With her military establishment intact she faces a Germany without a general staff, without conscription, without universal military training, with a strictly limited amount of light artillery, with no air service, no fleet, with no domestic basis in raw materials for armament manufacture, with her whole western border fifty kilometers east of the Rhine demilitarized. On top of this France has a system of military alliances with the new states that touch Germany. On top of this she secures permanent representation in the Council of the League from which Germany is excluded. On top of that economic terms which, while they cannot be fulfilled, do cripple the industrial life of her neighbor. With such a balance of forces, France demands for herself a form of protection which neither Belgium, nor Poland, nor Czecho-Slovakia, nor Italy is granted.

There is a principle well known to insurance men which says that one must suspect any one who over-insures his business. When the insurance is much more than the facts warrant, look out for fire. In this case, one is compelled to suspect the French politicians. They want a treaty which will bring our army to France without waiting for the Council to decide whether France is unjustly attacked. This Council, mind you, sits at Geneva, within a comfortable distance by motor car from the Franco-German frontier. The Council consists of France, England, America, Italy and Japan. It excludes Germany, and all of Germany's former Allies. We are asked to believe that this Council, possessed of all the information about Germany's internal life obtainable through the various commissions set up by the Treaty of Versailles, that this Council is incapable of advising quickly enough that an aggression is threatened.

Well, if these gentlemen at Geneva cannot know in time, how is Congress to know? It would seem that the French government needs simply to inform the American ambassador that the casus foederis has occurred, and a declaration of war must

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follow immediately. For surely if the Council at Geneva is incapable of deciding the truth of the matter, the American ambassador in Paris, or the State Department, are still less capable. Under these circumstances Congress can do one of two things: Declare war without stopping to investigate the facts, or debate the matter for a while. To declare war without looking would be obvious folly, to debate would defeat the purpose of the Alliance. The attempt to ignore the Council of the League involves this dilemma. Either the Alliance transfers to the Quai d'Orsay the right to decide when American troops shall fight on the Rhine, or it is simply an attempt to substitute the old process of diplomatic alliances for the one substantial thing in the Covenant of Paris. For it would seem that if there was one question in the whole world which a Council sitting at Geneva, with France represented and Germany excluded, might be competent to do, and do in a sense entirely favorable to France, it would be to advise whether an aggression was occurring on the frontier nearest to the place where it sits. If it cannot do that, what in the name of Heaven can it do?

Every day there emerges from Washington a series of inspired dispatches telling how Europe and especially the new states will go to wrack and ruin if the Covenant isn't ratified. But if the League cannot advise whether France is being attacked, with France on the Council to urge her case, of what conceivable protection is it to Jugoslavia, or Rumania, or China or any other state where the frontiers are far away, the facts complicated, the rights and wrongs confused? We have no particular illusions as to the value of the League which was framed at Paris, but we do regard the institution of the Council and Assembly as a vast improvement in the machinery of diplomatic decision. Now if in all the world, a person were asked to select one case where that machinery might be used with some chance of its success, it would be just on the border between France and Germany. With proximity, with unique opportunity to watch Germany, with a pro-French majority always at hand, what more could be asked? Yet just at that point the prime authors of the League declare it incompetent. If they are right, if the League is no good at that point, then the covenant which is to save the whole world is indeed a poor thing.

If France with her specially privileged position under the Treaty of Versailles, cannot rely on the League, then everybody else's reliance on the League is sheer folly. Take China, for example. China is weak. Japan is strong. Japan has appetites for China and does not hesitate to use force. Can a Council sitting at Geneva protect China better or even as well as it can protect France? Obviously not. All the guarantees of the League are depreciated by this open confession of the League's weakness on the part of the men who wrote it. It is as if a group of rich men organized a bank and invited people to put their savings in it, but declined to put any of their own in the bank. How much security would anybody feel in that bank?

We are told that the real purpose of the Alliance is to make France psychologically secure, and that her sense of security will radiate confidence throughout Europe. So reasons the New York Evening Post. This is a piece of mysticism rather difficult to follow. France, asserting that the League is no protection and therefore specially protected, is to radiate confidence among states relying wholly on the League and without special protection. This miracle can be accomplished in only one way, and that way not envisaged by the New York Evening Post. France can make special alliances with other states, and use the Anglo-American guarantee to validate them. This is just what French diplomacy is doing, and this procedure is exactly what has always led to war in Europe. The French Alliance is the corner-stone of a new system of alliances. This is not a matter of inference, but of documentary fact. M. Clemenceau said in the Chamber of Deputies last December that he believed in alliances and not in the League.

He has seized the occasion of demonstrating his conviction in the most dramatic fashion possible. In the one situation where the League is best able to act for peace, he has declared it incompetent to act for peace. To this Mr. Wilson agrees, and calls his agreement payment for the debt of Lafayette. By agreeing he has sacrificed the one thing he might plausibly claim as salvage from his shipwreck at Paris. He has sacrificed the credit of the League of Nations.

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Anti-Bolsheviks: Mr. Bakhmetev

MR. BAKHMETEV is perhaps the only representative at Washington of a foreign government which seems more or less to have its capital at Washington as well as its embassy. The Petrograd existence of Mr. Bakhmetev's government was terminated in November of 1917, when Lenin deposed Kerensky. Few Russians seemed to be willing to risk their lives for Kerensky. As Mr. Spargo remarks, "the Bolsheviks did not meet with the resistance they had expected," and "Kerensky's attempt to rally enough forces to put an end to this dictatorship [the dictatorship of the Bolsheviks] was a pathetic failure."

Having died at Petrograd, Mr. Bakhmetev's government was unable to come to any competent resurrection in any other Russian city. The landlordly anti-Bolsheviks of Denikin's court have not been invited by us to send us an ambassador. The British pro-consulate in the Archangel district, leading some Russians into battle by the hand, is British enough to be a good government, but we already have one ambassador from the British Empire. Even Kolchak's government, though earnestly devoted both to professions and to suppressions of democracy and admirably in line, therefore, with the best contemporary governmental practice, is not recognized (when these words are written) as a complete and finished member of diplomatic society.

Nevertheless Mr. Bakhmetev continued to be Russian ambassador to the United States. He represented, one must believe, the Real Russia.

The Real Russia is deep. It is not the Russia of the Southern Russians who were readily gathered by whole districts into the Soviet republic as soon as the German hold on Southern Russia was broken. It is not the Russia of the Northern Russians who so numerously hasten from their villages into their swamps and forests as soon as the British arrive to summon them to join the Brito-Franco - Serbo - Italo - League - of - Wandering - Nations army. Nor is it the Russia of the Eastern Russians who, according to the best argument of our best interventionists, would turn all Siberia instantly Bolshevik if our troops for killing members of the Bolshevik party without interfering with Russian political life were withdrawn. The Real Russia is very deep. The longer you go, the deeper it gets. Its realness approaches the realness of a real medieval philosophical reality. You cannot hear or smell or taste or feel or see it, much. It is lodged in the pure inwardness of thought. The Real Russia is the Russia that wants the kind of government that would make the Allied and Associated governments happy. It may not want it consciously. But our psycho-analysts in our military missions have discovered that it wants it in its unconsciousness. All we need now is enough more psycho-analysts, with enough more tanks and enough more cannon. Then the Real Russia will rise in bed and wipe the blood from its face and call for a mirror from the Japanese nurse and say: "Ah! Myself! And how sweet of you, my dear Yum Yum, to carry the White Man's Burden in a white man's country! On behalf of my Real Russian Self, I thank you."

This is the mystic Russia that Mr. Bakhmetev represents. At any rate, ever since November of 1917, he has been the employed ambassador of a Russian government mystic enough. It is a government with no Russian tax-payers and no Russian revenues and no Russian rubles to send to Mr. Bakhmetev for his proper support in ambassadorial state, or in any state. Here was a difficulty. It was solved.

There existed in America in March of 1917 a Russian supply committee, buying supplies in America for the Tsar's government. The Tsar fell. Mr. Bakhmetev arrived among us as envoy of the new Russian Provisional Government. To that government, through Mr. Bakhmetev, for the further purchase of supplies in America, we began to make advances of cash. We put the cash in the bank to the credit of the Russian Provisional Government; and the Russian Provisional Government gave us its notes. In November Kerensky fell. His government owed us $187,000,000.

Our trouble then was that Kerensky, politically, had died without issue. He had left no heir, in Russia, that we were willing to recognize. However, in America, he had left a certain solid estate. It consisted of supplies, bought with the money we had lent him, and of a bank-balance. In a hasty moment we might have laid our hands on these things, and we might have held them ourselves, directly for the benefit of the United States Treasury, or in trust for any posthumous recognizable heir of Kerensky's that might appear in Russia and might be willing to pay Kerensky's debts.

It would have been too hasty. It would have destroyed the whole propagandist value of the theory of a Real Russia, existing somewhere in durance or in trance, and calling to us, calling, calling. This Russia simply had to be, and it had to call,

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and cry aloud, and it must have criers, and resources for the criers. Therefore it was necessary for us, even if we recognized no Russian government in Russia, to create and recognize a Russian government here and give it a national income. Kerensky's supplies were the national income.

We commissioned Mr. Bakhmetev to continue to be Russian ambassador to the United States, and we therefore also naturally commissioned him to be chief custodian of Russian supplies in the United States. He had time to be custodian. His diplomatic duties were not necessarily onerous. If Mr. Lansing sent him a note for his government, he could simply ask himself the answer and send it right back. He had none of those bothers with prime ministers and foreign secretaries back home that so embitter the lives of ordinary ambassadors. His futuristic government had the striking merit of not being able to send him any cables. He had time for supplies. He organized, within the Russian Embassy, a Department of Supplies. Supplies were sold. The proceeds were turned into the bank account of Russia—of Mr. Bakhmetev's Russia—where they were available for the maintenance of Russia's diplomatic service, meaning Mr. Bakhmetev and his staff.

It was a transaction altogether logical and reputable, on the theory of the Real Russia. It was also highly advantageous to us. We got an ambassador of our own choice, from our own Russia, serving us at Washington and living on a revenue which we could at any time stop and voicing to the American public the authentic yearnings of the Russian soul; and we got him solvent and kept him solvent, out of those supplies, without having to support him publicly and directly from the United States Treasury, where appropriations for such purposes are hard to find.

So Mr. Bakhmetev became a going member of the family of nations, with his own treasury, budget, and information bureau.

Mr. Polk, Under Secretary of State, was asked:

"Does the Russian Embassy, do the Russian consulates, with their staffs, live on money owed by Kerensky to the United States?"

Mr. Polk said:

"No. They live on sales of their own supplies."

But Mr. Polk is too human. He forgot to remember that the government at 1119 16th Street, N. W., with a Russian domain extending southward to 1115 and northward to 1149, is a foreign government with foreign immunity from American knowledge of its internal affairs. Mr. Polk can be rebuked out of official words by his own department.

A few days ago a citizen went to the State Department and asked certain questions. He was accustomed to asking questions there. On this occasion, to his great surprise, he was asked to put his questions into a formal letter. He did so. He wrote a letter and a memorandum. In the memorandum he asked how much money had been loaned to Mr. Bakhmetev's government before Kerensky fell, and what Mr. Bakhmetev's government had then and since done with that money, and how much of it was left, and what was being done with what was left (out of sales of supplies), and whether any of it was being used to pay the salaries of diplomats and consuls, and whether any of it was being used to hire propagandists and to print magazines and advertisements, and whether any of it was getting paid back to the United States Treasury. He asked this information "as far as compatible with the public interest."

In about a week he received a reply from the highest State Department quarters. It said:

"The Department has received the communication in which you ask for information to answer queries contained in the memorandum you enclosed, as far as compatible with the public interest. The Department appreciates your statement that you do not want any information of a confidential nature. However, relating as they do to transactions of the representative of a foreign government in the United States and to the relations between the United States and Russia, the Department does not consider that it can appropriately answer the inquiries propounded in the memorandum accompanying your letter."

Nothing could be more correct. We make Mr. Bakhmetev, all by himself, into a foreign government; and then his transactions among us are invisible and our relations with him are unrepeatable. He is Russia, and the relations between the United States and Russia are not responsive to inquiries from citizens.

It may seem un-American, that doctrine of the secrecy of diplomacy, but there are certain immutable laws of commerce, and our exports of phrases which we did not mean have been quite well balanced by our imports of practices which in theory we deny and in fact follow.

The State Department does its best to follow them, and it does its best to remember the foreignness and the governmentalness of Mr. Bakhmetev. But the strain is, of course, great. It sometimes becomes too great. Then the State Department, under questioning, will make the most improper admissions. It will say, for instance, that it has told the Russian Embassy not to spend any of its money on magazine or on newspaper advertising. One State Department official is even authoritatively quoted as having said to Congress-

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men that the State Department "told the Russian Embassy that it should not use a single penny for propaganda."

How can it be? How can our State Department tell the ambassador of a foreign government what to do with his pennies? Whose pennies are they?

So then the theory of their foreignness is remembered and resumed. The State Department cannot say that its orders to the Russian Embassy against propaganda have been obeyed. And, really, how could it? How could it in fact? And how could it in principle?

In fact the Russian Embassy does maintain the management of the Russian Information Bureau; and in fact the Russian Information Bureau does publish Struggling Russia and does insert a long series of large advertisements in American newspapers; and in fact the Russian Information Bureau does produce propaganda, a highly expensive propaganda, both through Struggling Russia and its advertisements and through books and pamphlets and letters.

The Russian Embassy is heard to deny that it is responsible financially for Struggling Russia. The denial is empty of moral importance. The Russian Embassy maintains the management which manages the Russian Information Bureau and which manages Struggling Russia. Thereby it maintains and manages propaganda.

But how can our State Department ask what that propaganda costs? Mr. Bakhmetev will account for his funds to his own Real Russian government, when our explorations in Russia have found it for him. How can our State Department inquire into his immunized management of those funds?

Besides, why should it even wish to inquire? Ought it not to be satisfied, and is it not in fact satisfied, by being able to observe that the propaganda of the Russian Information Bureau is precisely of a piece with the State Department's own propaganda?

The State Department, without opening its mouth to utter one word of protest, sees its consul from Omsk coming back to America and reporting vast numbers of murders by Bolshevists whom he never saw and failing altogether to remember certain numerous horrible murders committed by the Kolchakists among whom he lived. The Russian Information Bureau is in lock-step with that policy.

Mr. Kovalsky of Siberia writes an article about the Kolchak government. He prints it in Struggling Russia and also in Narodnaya Gazeta. The New York Times reprints it out of Struggling Russia. It does not reprint it out of Narodnaya Gazeta. It may not even know that it ever appeared in Narodnaya Gazeta. Yet in Narodnaya Gazeta it is far more interesting than in Struggling Russia. In Narodnaya Gazeta it contains long passages quite omitted in Struggling Russia. It is a good pro-Kolchak article, but in Narodnaya Gazeta—and not in Struggling Russia—it honestly and candidly and specifically calls attention to outrages committed by Siberian political governmental groups which it says Kolchak opposes but which it does not say Kolchak suppresses, and it openly mentions "the extortions and confiscations at Semipalatinsk," "the shootings of members of the Constituent Assembly at Omsk," "the murders of Novoselov, Moiseenko, Mayevski, Bruderer, Kirienko, Rogof, and Fomin," and "the butcheries at Blagoveshchensk."

In such matters the Russian Information Bureau is of simply enormous service to the State Department. The State Department, most of the time, must maintain, not propaganda but propriety. The Russian Information Bureau, openly, continuously, effectively, in a daily flow of propagandist effort, can drown out the slaughterous and Tsarist incidents of Siberian life and can float to our newspapers all the incidents—or, rather, all the political manifestoes—which in Siberia have written on Kolchak's face the democratic expression which led the State Department's consul at Omsk to think, when he saw Kolchak, of George Washington.

The State Department and the Russian Information Bureau both want to show us a Washingtonian Siberia. The State Department would not dare to maintain an information bureau of its own, doing day by day what the Russian Information Bureau does. The State Department does not need to dare. It takes Mr. Bakhmetev, who came here as the representative of a Russian government for which hardly any Russians were willing in the end to put a finger on a trigger, and it sets him up among us as Russia and as Russia's authoritative interpreter. Then, from Mr. Bakhmetev's Russian—*Russian*—Information Bureau, we are to get that impression of Siberia—that denatured impression—which alone can persuade Americans to continue to bring death and grief into their homes on behalf of an effort by a faction at Omsk to wrest the dictatorship of Russia from a faction at Moscow. Mr. Bakhmetev thus promotes, amid an hypnotic illusion of foreignness, the State Department's own interventionist Russian Siberian policy; and, to speed him in promoting it, the State Department will give him official control of all Russian resources in this country, including those deliberately committed to other hands by the Russian government from which Mr. Bakhmetev derived his original credentials.

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The same Russian Provisional Government which sent us Mr. Bakhmetev sent us also Mr. Lomonossov. Mr. Lomonossov was a plenipotentiary representative of the Russian Ministry of Ways of Communication. He came here to buy such things as locomotives. He bought them; and, as a plenipotentiary representative, he retained immediate personal supervision of them.

Mr. Lomonossov was an anti-Bolshevik. He had been a high railway official in Russia in the days of the Tsar. He was well known to be an anti-Bolshevik. But he did not think that Russia could be awakened to self-realization by Mongolian or other foreign bayonets. He opposed intervention in Russia by non-Russians. He opposed it in public speeches.

For those speeches—admittedly and explicitly for those speeches—he was dispossessed of his control of the supplies of the Russian Ministry of Ways of Communication in the United States. He was dispossessed by agents of the United States Department of Justice, acting for Mr. Bakhmetev, under the powers granted to Mr. Bakhmetev by the State Department. Up to that time Mr. Lomonossov had held his supplies unmolested. He offered to turn them over then to the United States government. His offer was refused. He had to turn them over to Mr. Bakhmetev.

Mr. Bakhmetev was himself at one time opposed to intervention. He went to distinguished Americans to encourage them to be likewise opposed to intervention. Then, as intervention grew into being a settled Allied policy, Mr. Bakhmetev changed. He became convinced that intervention was right. Mr. Lomonossov remained convinced that intervention was wrong. No reason has been adduced to question the sincerity of either man. The point is not sincerity. The point is result. Mr. Lomonossov, against intervention, disappeared from our local Russian government. Mr. Bakhmetev, in favor of intervention, continued to be its ambassador. He continued, and he continues; because his convictions happen to be identical with those of the government which holds the secret strings of his embassy's financial life.

All over the world we see these "loyal" Russians putting on these great interventionist Russian shows, in native costume, while the Allied and Associated governments applaud as spectators from in front and approve as impresarios from behind.

Anti-Bolshevism as a principle of politics is one thing. It needs no propaganda among us. We Americans are simply instinctively absolutely anti-Bolshevik, the overwhelming mass of us. I know in my own case that I could not be Bolshevik without surrendering what is to me the most precious heritage of the life of my ancestors in this country—the adventure toward governing by a common consultation of the consciences of all men. anti-Bolshevism as a faith is native to us. Interventionist anti-Bolshevism, anti-Bolshevism for going into Russia to settle the quarrels of Russian factions on Russian soil, has to be introduced to us. It needs subsidy and it needs fraud. From the beginning it has had both. From the very first moment when the first anti-Bolshevik up-rollers rolled up on the Volga, the Allied and Associated diplomats and treasurers have stood behind them, prompting them, deploying them, finally financing them. And in America the American government takes a lot of property bought with American taxes and American Liberty Bonds and belonging either to us or else to the next actual Russian government which in actual Russia we actually recognize, and it gives the control of that property to a Russian who is ambassador of nothing in actual Russia, and it tells us that he is the spokesman of Russia, and through him and through his embassy and through his Information Bureau we hear Russia calling for foreign invaders, and again calling, calling, in a Russian accent with our money. This anti-Bolshevism is an anti-American mesmerism of peoples by rulers with the people's funds.

WILLIAM HARD.

Race War?

TO many people it is startling and shocking that United States troops should have been needed to put down armed conflict between white men and Negroes in the capital of the nation. To the same people the race riots in Chicago have been an incomprehensible and a terrible phenomenon. But these race riots are symptoms of the condition of potential race war now existing in the United States. They are expressions of animosity which is deeply involved in political and economic issues. So long as the emotions that cling to race antipathy can be fanned to turbulence by rumor, by the press, by persons with ulterior motives, so long will bloody clashes between white men and Negroes threaten the peace of American cities.

The press is not innocent of fomenting race bitterness which wreaks itself in riots such as occurred in Washington July 19th to 22nd. At a time when Commissioner Brownlow of the District of Columbia was characterizing the riots as unwarranted and wanton attacks upon innocent Negroes, the New York Times was printing headlines saying, "Negroes again riot in Washington killing white men," the New York World announced, "Three are killed as blacks renew riots in capital," the

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Evening Telegram announced, "United States cavalry unable to quell Negroes."

With a few honorable exceptions, the news reports sent from Washington attributed the riots to a "wave of crime" by Negroes and to "many assaults" by Negroes upon white women. In Washington the press played up the "crime wave" and stories of assaults in such a way as to make mob violence almost inevitable. For more than a week before the riots occurred both Negroes and white men knew that Negroes would be attacked. The Washington Post, in fact, indulged in a direct invitation to men in the United States service. On the Monday whose close was attended with the worst disorders of the three days' rioting, the Washington Post on its first page published the following paragraphs:

> MOBILIZATION FOR TONIGHT
>
> It was learned that a mobilization of every available service man stationed in or near Washington or on leave here has been ordered for tomorrow evening near the Knights of Columbus hut, on Pennsylvania Avenue between Seventh and Eighth streets.
>
> The hour of assembly is 9 o'clock and the purpose is a "clean-up" that will cause the events of the last two evenings to pale into insignificance.
>
> Whether official cognizance of this assemblage and its intent will bring about its forestalling cannot be told.

In view of the clamor about Washington's "crime wave" and its use to foment hatred against Negroes, the statistics of the Washington Police Department are pertinent. Those statistics show that there were four assaults upon women in June and July in the District of Columbia, three of which were supposed to have been committed by a suspect who was at the time of the riots under arrest. The assaults had occurred on June 25th, 28th, 30th and July 18th. Three assaults occurred in Maryland outside of the District of Columbia, on July 5th, 21st and 22nd respectively. The last two were attempts by a "light-skinned" colored man and occurred after the riots had been under way. It should be emphasized here that white criminals at times darken their faces and hands in order to fasten crime upon Negroes.

It is hardly necessary to characterize the protection afforded Negroes by the Washington police. There need have been no widespread disorders after the first Saturday and Sunday of rioting when, according to the New York Times, "several hundred soldiers, sailors and marines participated in rioting along with more than a thousand civilians," and "Negroes were hauled from street cars and automobiles." But on those first nights the police gave the impression both to Negroes and white men that they would be the allies of the white men. Although the aggressors were white mobbists led by white men in the uniform of the United States, ten Negroes were arrested for every white man arrested. Reports to the New York Times show ten arrests in the rioting on Sunday night, of which two were of white men.

As a consequence of the "crime wave" propaganda against Negroes in the press and of the apathy of the government, the Negroes of Washington were filled with fear of another East St. Louis massacre. The words were on the lips of many of their assailants. The Negroes, therefore, armed themselves. On Monday night, July 21st, it was not safe for a white man to walk alone through the Negro district along U Street in Washington. There was shooting on Monday night. That there was not more is astonishing. For arms had been freely sold and the city of Washington, as night came, was in fact an armed camp with a cordon of cavalry to keep opposing groups apart. After the rioting had been under way Negroes fought back. Upon the approach of a white member of Washington's Home Defense organization who bore no insignia to show he was not a mobbist, a Negro shot and killed him.

It was not merely hysterical fear of white mobs that caused Negroes to arm; it was distrust of the government. The press had been permitted to conduct a campaign of anti-Negro propaganda alleging crime, when the figures of the Police Department were easily accessible. It had tolerated attacks upon unoffending Negroes within view of the White House. Everyone knew there would be riots, and yet attacks upon Negroes were not averted and it took three nights of brutality and bloodshed to convince the administration that troops were needed. Negroes armed to defend themselves in Washington because, as a respected member of their race put it in Commissioner Brownlow's office, "The Negro is beginning to realize that the price of being a man in this country is a willingness to die in defense of his manhood." In this sense, the race riots of Washington, as in Chicago, probably, are symptomatic of the changing temper of Negroes as well as of white men toward race relations.

Scratch the surface of public opinion in Washington and you found beneath the talk of assaults upon women and of "crime waves," a determination to put the Negro back where he was before the war. White workmen would tell you that Negroes were getting too high wages and were becoming "independent," i.e., were no longer as servile as the southern white man wished. During the riots in Washington a bill was actually introduced in the Senate providing for Jim Crow cars in the national capital. This attitude was well represented in an editorial of the New York Times of July 23rd.

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The editorial said, "The majority of the Negroes in Washington, before the great war, were well behaved . . . ," so much so that "most of them admitted the superiority of the white race and troubles between the two races were undreamed of." "It certainly is not the old, law-abiding negro population, the friends of the white man, that has been committing these crimes against women, these daylight hold-ups, and other outrages that have incited white men to a general war against negroes."

Frank admissions and the revelations of expressed animus show that economic motives stimulate the emotions which lead to race riots. "Crime waves" are becoming a thin and transparent pretext for assault upon Negroes. The question which the American people will have to face is that of the economic and social status which will be accorded the Negro as a citizen, enfranchised in the North, disfranchised in the South. The war has meant a vital change in the position of the Negro and in his own feeling about his position. In the Southern states he contributed almost as many men as did the whites. He bought Liberty Bonds, subscribed to Red Cross and other funds, and played his part in the crisis voluntarily and involuntarily as did the white man. Now he feels the opportunity for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness which is accorded him as in some sense a supreme test of this country's professions. If the white man tries to "show the nigger his place" by flogging and lynching him, the Negro, when the government does not defend him, will purchase arms to defend himself.

In a number of Southern cities race riots were narrowly averted this spring, among them Memphis and Birmingham. There have been riots in New London, Conn., in Texas, in Georgia, in Chicago, at Annapolis, in Mississippi, in Philadelphia, in South Carolina, and tension is becoming increased rather than lessened.

In Chicago the race riots came about in consequence of a housing situation and political and industrial exploitation of Negroes. In the last few months bombs have been exploded before a number of houses which Negroes have occupied or intended occupying in sections inhabited by white people.

Mob violence is rapidly showing the race problem to be one which cannot be left for solution to any one section of the country. Whatever one's attitude toward race amalgamation, whatever one's attitude toward the bogie of "social equality," the fundamental basis of proper relations between the races must be recognition of the Negro's prerogatives as a human being and as a citizen. Crime must be treated as an individual and not as a racial matter. Such statements as that of the New York Times editorial, that "They [crimes] are mainly committed by Negroes," in referring to the situation in Washington, are malicious misrepresentations which only intensify what may become, if it is not met with intelligence and fairness, a hopeless condition of race war in the United States.

HERBERT J. SELIGMANN.

Under the Sword of Damocles

MORE than any country in the world, France has judged herself and been judged by her contribution to literature. If reparations were measured in intellectual and spiritual coin, the diminution in her literary production during the war would be reckoned among her serious losses. Here again she has suffered more grievously than England. The hand of the French censor has been heavier; but that does not altogether account for the sterility of the reviews and book stalls. Nor is it sufficient to tell ourselves that the best talent was diverted to pragmatic war ends. Many young writers were killed; but we shall not know how fatal that holocaust has been for another ten or twenty years. It is nearer the truth, as M. Jacques Rivière so candidly points out in the first number of the regenerated Nouvelle Revue Française, to say that the free intelligence, which is essentially the seat and source of the French genius, has been sacrificed these five years to an intensive preoccupation with the national danger. War restrictions have hampered writers everywhere, but the mobilization of intelligence has been especially disastrous in France. For what has made her great in the world up to now, inquires M. Rivière, if not "her unequalled, her incredible, her paradoxical sincerity? . . . We are the truest people on the face of the earth. A scornful and aggressive humor may be laid at our door. But we remain unsurpassable for truth of sentiment and promptness of expression . . . Our literature is the purest, the most emptied of hypocrisy that any nation can produce. That is why the yoke of war, which weighed heavily on all the peoples, has crushed and deformed none to the same degree as ourselves."

I remember how eagerly I looked for the old dispassionate curiosity when I reached Paris in the autumn of 1917. There was the city, bathed in the sovereign light that makes her monuments bloom as the blue and yellow flowers still bloomed about the angles of the Louvre: if it looked a little more like a dreaming Italian city, if the eye could absorb gray vistas and luminous spaces from end to end in one hungry, unobstructed glance, that was all the difference. The old houses were there, and when one's friends came back to them from some mili-

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tary or semi-military occupation, and stood turning over the books on the shelves in high-studded rooms by the Seine, or under vaulted academic ceilings, they looked very much the same too. But the native atmosphere of their minds had changed. I do not mean that liberals and radicals had been transformed into nationalists. But even liberals and radicals were oppressed by a sort of malaise which prevented their saying quite all that they felt, or feeling quite all that they said.

What deflected the French mind—especially the artist, intellectual or scholarly mind—from its normal axis was, let me repeat, the German army. The sense of its imminence was endemic like a fever; pervasive as a bad smell; it was attached to the French intellect like a tin can to a dog's tail, and gave a warning rattle when one of the old free runs through the universe was attempted. Its *imminence:* the merciless psychological effect on critical and creative work cannot be understood unless it has been felt. Americans who have been entirely cis-Atlantic during the war know nothing about it. Nor indeed do those who have heard the guns only across the channel. Eminent Victorians owes its inspiration to French critical method; but nothing of comparable brilliance and detachment in a similar field has been produced in France since 1914. The most a critic of M. Daniel Halévy's calibre could do was to continue and complete a previous study, like his volume on Péguy. Every additional mile from the centre of action, every separating strip of sea counted for intellectual freedom. Suppose Paris had been situated where Marseilles is, M. Romain Rolland might perhaps have stayed at home—in prison? but why not?—and written a more potent French version of Mr. Britling, instead of begging the question of pacifism in Switzerland.

If Mr. Britling could not have been written in France, could Le Feu have been written in England? In any case France seems to have produced the finer "war books" in a literal sense—books which were wrung from an author's soul by an actual encounter, a corps à corps with the mêlée. The list is not long. It begins with the Lettres d'un Soldat, those letters of a young artist to his mother which seem likely to remain the classic revelation of sensitive French youth in the face of the horror and the glory of the first months of the war. The era of spontaneous idealism was over when Le Feu appeared. This magnificent epic of the war against war, the record of a squad in which Barbusse actually served, was born of the interminable period of mud and blood that followed, and presented the daily life of the man in the trenches with a realism which turned fine phrases to gall in the mouths of generals and journalists—and consequently helped bring about a definite improvement in conditions for the soldier. Duhamel's Vie des Martyrs and Civilisation, which I should put next on my list, are hospital records, written in the white light of his operating room by a poet-surgeon obsessed by the spectacle of pain, and deeply comprehensive of its complex recoil on the lives of simple men. Such work as Barbusse's and Duhamel's may be too full of raw and unreposeful truth to endure in a country where detachment is a canon of art. But it honors the genius of France by its complete fidelity to the author's vision, and by its lack of cant.

What would one add to the best passages of these four books if one were compiling a documentary volume of Pages Choisies for the benefit of the novelist of 1940 who is to write the real masterpiece of the great war? Selections from many other letters and journals of course. Certain pages of Loisy's; certain passages from Le Travail Invincible, which render labor's response to the catastrophe as Pierre Hamp saw and understood it. For minute notation of fact, transmuted into the vision and rhythm of poetry, Giraudoux's account of a fragment of the battle of the Marne in Lectures pour Une Ombre. Very little poetry would figure—Claudel's chiefly, with some of the Provençal Gasquet; Paul Fort's war poems being as rigidly excluded as Rostand's. Only a few pages from the professional patriots and those—like Barrès's article on the spring plowing in Lorraine in 1915—when they had forgotten their mission for an hour. None of Bordeaux's pseudo-histories. None of Bazin's pretty moralities. (For the "lighter touch" in documentation one thinks of Les Silences du Colonel Bramble by Maurois, an interpreter with a very delicate appreciation of British psychology. But it would have vanished into thin air by 1940.) None of Bourget's intellectual prostitutions, I should have said—with Lazarine and Némésis in mind—if I had not just read his admirable nouvelle, Le Justicier.

Le Justicier, however, does not belong in the documentary category. It is written on the margin of the war page, as so much English fiction has been written, less from preoccupation with war than because it was the background of contemporary emotion. Another long short-story of real imaginative quality, in which a new young writer, Mlle. Camille Meyran, has resisted the temptation to overstress the tragedy of the occupied region to the disadvantage of her blighted romance, is l'Oubliée. Such fiction, which offers permanent criticism of life, will of course bear re-reading long after the many novels which falsely play up the war for the public are extinct. But I cannot agree with M. Thibaudet, one of the able critics of the Nouvelle

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Revue Française when he maintains that the best French war literature was produced in the depths of the spirit where war held no sway, rather than as Le Feu was produced. One of the examples he cites is Duhamel's last Maeterlinckian volume, La Possession du Monde, an effort to escape from the hospital into the vie intérieure. This seems to me a less original and inevitable book than Civilisation. And among the "marginal" novels, or among those whose theme is entirely remote from war I see none of outstanding value; though I too was charmed to be transported to the limpid and mouldering atmosphere of Aix-en-Provence by M. Edmond Jaloux in Fumeés dans la Campagne. I can also recommend a journey to Africa with M. Pierre Benoît in l'Atlantide, a thriller for raffinés, tinged with a very beguiling scholarship. Here are two names new to most Americans which it will be worth while to watch for in the future.

As soon as the armistice was signed the reviews and book counters began to "look up." And the reappearance in June of the Nouvelle Revue Française, before war eliminated it the most important of the young literary reviews, with a brilliant group of writers whom war has humanized rather than restricted—in the old days, as one of them said to me, they were a little inclined to consider life a tiresome obstacle to writing—is a stirring sign that France should soon recover her place in the world of letters. Many Frenchmen have gained greater souls from the war, and there is bound to be a corresponding enlargement of literature, provided the bad habit of thinking in terms of the national prestige can be thrown off. . . . "It is urgent for the greater glory of France that we should begin again not to think solely of this glory —that we should again turn on the world a perfectly disinterested gaze. To complete our triumph, we should again show ourselves capable of listening to ourselves, instead of to all this noise which goes on outside of us, whose rhythm would still like to regulate that of our thoughts." If M. Rivière can write thus, after a long period in a German prison camp, should not M. Maurice Barrès be able to step down from his pulpit in the Echo de Paris and retire into the Jardin de Bérénice? It is France's propagandists and imperialists who keep the sinister war noise ringing in the ears of their countrymen. It is they, with their passion for wide physical boundaries who are really limiting France's intellectual horizon, and jeopardizing a rich and humane heritage from which the whole civilized world has drawn sustenance. "The possession of the world," says Duhamel, "is not fought out about the guns. It is the admirable work of peace."

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT.

The Makings for Revolution

I.

IN A HOMESTEAD COURT

"WE'LL fix it—with One Big Union!" Muller was in earnest but not excited. He had been active in the strike of '92 but had not been employed by the Steel Corporation since. Tonight he stood on the curb. Behind him a little group of borough and mill officials and workmen filed out of the basement court room where the hearing had just been held.

Less than an hour before we had crossed the great span of bridge which links Pittsburgh with Homestead. Below flowed the Monongahela, up which Pinkerton's men had come on barges twenty-seven years ago to break the strike in the Carnegie mills—the great strike of '92, which dealt unionism in Homestead a mortal blow, so that until this day no man there has dared even think in terms of collective bargaining.

On the far side of the bridge tall stacks of the furnaces stood out in bold relief. Below them the great overgrown mill seemed to spread itself over every level space between the river and the hills.

On the end of the first big shed, white figures advertised the record of Homestead employees of the United States Steel Corporation in the last "liberty" fund:

4TH LOAN
$2,263,300
$177.43 PER EMPLOYEE

Our car made its way through Homestead's second ward with its boss-run boarding houses where men sleep between the twelve-hour shifts, opening out onto grassless courts. It was nearly seven. Little children played on the sidewalk flush with the four-tracked railroad, to get their last tire before tumbling onto the family mattress. Men on day-shift talked in groups on the steps; their women on benches nearby leaned heavily against the board walls of the houses, and were silent.

We passed through the main street. Saloons were not doing business, for July first had passed. Posters announced the coming of The Unpardonable Sin at the nickleodeon.

A few men loitered in front of the Town Hall, where at seven the Burgess was to hear the case of two representatives of the A. F. of L., arrested for holding a street meeting without a permit a few nights before.

The Burgess arrived. The loiterers moved on in. "William Z. Foster and J. L. Beaghen."

The two men accompanied by their lawyer, W. J. Brennen, formerly Democratic Committee chairman of Pittsburgh, stepped inside the rail. Re-

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spectable looking citizens they were. Foster was secretary of the A. F. of L. National Committee for Organizing Iron and Steel Workers formed at the St. Paul conference of last year, the committee of which Samuel Gompers is chairman, and whose organization work in western Pennsylvania has halted while a free speech battle is being waged. Beaghen represented the same committee.

"On what charge are you hearing my clients, sir?" asked the lawyer.

"Blocking the streets. Violating a borough ordinance regulating traffic," replied the Burgess.

The defendants pleaded "not guilty."

It was common knowledge that these men had twice applied to the Burgess for a permit to hold a meeting in a hall in the town and had been refused; that they had even rented a hall a few weeks before, but the owner had returned the check telling them, they said, that he was "compelled to do so."

In the court room the Chief of Police and two of his men testified that when Foster and Beaghen had arrived at a certain corner the Saturday night previous, they had been told they would be arrested if they attempted to speak without a permit.

Despite this warning Foster had stood up in a machine, told the scattered crowd to "gather round" and was arrested. Five minutes later, according to the testimony, Beaghen mounted the seat of the Ford, "started to speak," got so far as to say he represented the A. F. of L., and was likewise arrested. The police testified that the crowd "jammed" the sidewalk and reached "half-way across the street."

"Would these men have been permitted to speak if they had had a permit?" "Have you ever arrested for this offense before, or are the laws only to be applied to these gentlemen?"

The Chief of Police refused to answer the questions put by the lawyer and was sustained by the Burgess.

On further cross-examination the police testified there had been no noise, riot or disorder of any kind, that the men had done nothing to "make the police apprehend a fight," that they had not resisted when arrested.

There were no witnesses other than the police.

Brennen, the lawyer, then pointed out to Burgess Maguire (also a lawyer with offices in Pittsburgh) that Homestead had no ordinance whatsoever regulating street meetings and no ordinance requiring a permit for them. The section of the ordinance which the men were charged with violating was plainly passed, he said, to prevent "loitering which might become a nuisance." It had no relation, he contended, to peaceable street meetings, which had often been held in the borough.

"Well," said the Burgess, "it's the best we have. Guilty. Fined $1 and costs."

II.
BOSSES

It was the transfer point in the center of McKeesport. I waited for the car. In front of a shop window a cripple was selling shoe strings and pencils. His legs doubled under him, he half lay on the walk so that his box of wares rested on his stomach.

I turned my eyes to the other window. A man stood close to the pane. Under each arm was a crutch.

Then I glanced across the street. A man was just crossing. One trouser leg was folded and pinned neatly close to the hip. There was no other use for it.

I remembered the great works of the National Tube Company which we had just passed by; and one block below where the railroad tracks ran through the town, crossing at the street level; and how the street car had picked its way over the one-track line through an alley not wide enough for a side walk in addition—a playground for the children who darted in and out. The shacks and houses—the children's homes—lined the street so close that the steps were set on the brick paving. The backyards of cinders ran down to the railroad or their outhouses met outhouses of other shacks, which faced the railroad.

The conductor called White Street. I stepped from the car and walked toward the hill. Behind me were the river, the works, the railroad tracks, the shacks, and now leaving the few shops of the main street, I passed by crowded houses and tenements up to the hall.

It was eight o'clock. The sun had not gone down.

George Lysle, the town's "reformed Democratic" Mayor, after fourteen months' deliberation, had granted the iron and steel workers a permit to hold a meeting in Slavok Hall, on condition that no foreign language speakers be used.

A. F. of L. leaders previously refused permits for halls, had been conducting orderly street meetings in the town for some time. Four thousand of the possibly 18,000 iron and steel workers in McKeesport had signed union cards since the mill gunmen walked the streets last year for several weeks, before the Mayor was forced to disarm them or face exposure.

This was a momentous night. A free speech victory for the A. F. of L. undoubtedly—but what millman would dare attend the meeting?

Every porch on White Street was filled with clean shaven workers, their fresh faded shirts open

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at the collar, their hair clipped from their heads. Women joined the men at the windows or on the steps, and babies—babies never ending in number—seemed to fill all otherwise vacant spaces.

Up by the hall a great crowd of men circled about the door and filled the street in front of it. Could the permit have been withdrawn? Or were the men merely waiting until the meeting had begun?

I drew close upon them. Then I observed these men did not wear soft shirts or expose clipped heads. They wore pressed suits and starched collars and stiff straw hats. Ragged urchins played at tag among them.

I walked into the building and up the stairs to the hall. About a hundred men, common laborers, foreigners, were there. Except for the Federation leaders and speakers the skilled men were absent.

An American flag hung over the platform. As I entered the speaker was urging the men to become American citizens, to take out their papers if they had not already done so.

Just then the gang of street children scrambled up the stairs and burst noisily into the meeting. They were put out and the speaker continued. It was James Boyle of Scranton. He had been arrested with five other speakers in Braddock a day or so before, and the newspapers had called him a Bolshevik. James Boyle, who worked in the mines in Pennsylvania before he was twelve, while he was so little his mother had to wash his face when he came home. James Boyle, to whom America had given two months of schooling. James Boyle, who sent five sons to the war, one of whom never returned.

"Organize," he said. "Men, organize to better yourselves, to better your children, to better your community. For the better conditions of work you get, the better citizens you will make."

He urged them to obey the laws and the police regulations of their town. He told them of the great era of prosperity that had even then come to the mills, and of the need of their combining that its profits might mean "not merely richer millionaires, but a better McKeesport."

The "kids" broke in again.

"Who is sending you up here?" I was at the window at the rear of the hall.

"Them men down there."

I looked at "them men."

In the center stood the chief of the mill's detective force. Back of him was William Cornelius, the mill superintendent. To his left was Hugh Pendleton, assistant superintendent. "Scab-herders," said the man at my side. From those officials down, more than two hundred bosses and "straw" bosses of the mill stood before the door of the hall watching every man who entered. Three "little" bosses were, according to the men, in the meeting.

From the window, too, I could see the workmen and their families watching intently from the tenement windows across the street. On another corner was a slaughter-house. Italian women crocheted on the hills above, their washings still hanging in the light breeze. A few girls with their beaux stood outside the circle of bosses, and beyond were some of the less courageous workmen fearful of the watch of the guards.

It was growing dark. Down on the level the flames from the great furnaces lit up the sky. The meeting was over. The men filed out of the hall, peaceably, orderly.

As they started down the stairs the bosses, who had broken into groups during their three hours' vigil, stood at attention, folded their arms, moved toward the door, and fastened their eyes upon each man as he went out.

Making their way through the crowd the men were on the alert. They are ready to testify, they say, that at least three of the "bosses" were armed and that a revolver was seen in the pocket of one of the highest officials.

Next morning I visited labor headquarters. A man came in to report he had been "paid off—seen at the meeting last night."

"It's just the beginning," he said.

I walked down the stairs to the street below, pondering the significance of his comment.

S. Adele Shaw.

In the Chinese Manner

Within the long lagoon
Like a flower in the grass
Floats the yellow moon,
Like a great rose, in the grass,
The pale, resplendent, mysterious moon,
And little ripples pass.

The unquiet breezes after,
With a low, melodious tune,
Like the sound of quiet laughter
At the fallen, yellow moon—
The wind's laughter in the rose trees. Laughter
At the drowning of the moon.
It is a quiet place;
The warm wind blows
Over the shattered face,
Only the yellow rose
The heavy-scented yellow rose, that has taken the moon's embrace,
Mourns the moon—the rose.

R. M. Coates.

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A COMMUNICATION

The Apologists of the Russian Reaction

A CERTAIN Russian writer once said: When people lose their basis of logic, nothing remains for them but swearing. The magazine, Struggling Russia, in reply to the last articles of Joshua Rosett and William Hard has begun to swear. I doubt if it would be of any interest or value to analyze or to refute this swearing, but I do not doubt its cause to be that Struggling Russia lost its ground of logic and facts. And this latter point interests me especially at the present moment. The arguments and the illustrations of the two above mentioned authors remain unrefuted. Instead of refuting, Struggling Russia merely manipulates half-a-dozen names and calls itself representative of New Russia or Russian Democracy. Let us speak the language of facts, leaving the privilege of swearing to the contributors of Struggling Russia.

They assert that they "struggle for the establishment in Russia of a stable government through the means of an All-Russian Constituent Assembly." The All-Russian Constituent Assembly seems to be their principal aim. Supposing they are sincere. Why then do they assert that the task of convoking the Assembly is in proper and reliable hands, in the hands of the "famous liberal and Democrat Bielorussov"? Why do they close their eyes to the following facts:

Bielorussov is now fighting vigorously against democratic organizations in Siberia. He is evoking a bitter protest from the very moderate Vladivostok newspaper Dalnievostchnoye-Obozrienye, although this protest is somewhat hazy because of the censorship. In the columns of his reactionary paper Otiechestvieniye Viedomosty and in a special statement made through the Omsk telegraphic agency, of which the editor of Struggling Russia is a representative, Bielorussov does not even say "Constituent Assembly," he merely speaks of a "representative institution of constitutional character."

It is not without interest to recount briefly the evolution of Bielorussov. At the beginning of 1917 and 1918 in the newspaper Russkya Viedomosty he criticised very strongly "the putrid ideology of the Russian intelligenzia" for their aspirations to a Constituent Assembly. He asserted that rule of the people was contradictory to the principles of "men who think in terms of the State and the Nation." Remembering all this the Dalnievostchnoye-Obozrienye of June 14th, 1919, makes the following sad remark:

> The resolution of the Cadets' conference stating that representative institutions are needless now has crowned the whole business.

Much talk about the Constituent Assembly began to be heard among those people who had been exiled from Siberia and to meet this Kolchak appointed this same Bielorussov. One is reminded of the procedure of the Tsar, when for investigating torture practiced in the Riga prison in 1907, he appointed one of the high officers of the prison department, who was guilty of that same terrible system of torture. Kolchak's official, Bielorussov, in his statement of June 5, 1919, says that that institution (the Constituent Assembly) "will be far from international and even less will it be class conscious." Instead of universal, equal, direct and secret suffrage, Bielorussov uses a shortened formula throwing out *direct and secret*. In other words the strong opponent of the rule of the people, Bielorussov, is saying in advance how he will arrange a desirable representation of "nationally thinking people." "Without mentioning the left Socialists or the Socialists of the centre, even such moderate people as Kerensky, Argunov and Avksentiev are now considered not nationally thinking," says the above quoted Vladivostok paper of June 14, 1919.

Thus Struggling Russia in America speaks another language from the Siberian backers and officials of Kolchak. Evidently the Omsk foreign office has need of a *special edition* in the United States. Why then are the editor of Struggling Russia and Mr. Kovalsky so shocked when William Hard deciphers their game? Their main argument is the Constituent Assembly and that is nothing but an "empty sound," and according to the paper, Nash Ural, they are now preparing a first class funeral for it.

I will return to the question of how much truth there is in the arguments of Kolchak's press agents. For the present I consider it my duty to use the hospitality of the New Republic for the following statement:

The American reader ought not to think that Struggling Russia represents the opinions even of the non-Bolshevists. As a Russian journalist and revolutionist, I feel it necessary to state that Struggling Russia's behavior is contrary to the principles and the old traditions of the Russian intellectuals. During many years of exile from our country, we, who were imbued with this spirit, were always in friendly relations with the liberal social ideas of the countries whose hospitality we enjoyed. The Russian intellectuals considered it their duty neither to expose their domestic affairs to the world nor to discredit the free and independent press, even when they did not agree with its opinions. I should have no right to write a single line to the American reading public, without emphasizing that the arrogance and the combative tone of Struggling Russia is characteristic only of those journalists of the ancient regime who use their words, not for truth, but for the official mission of serving their government at any price and for its special aims. That is a kind of falsification of American public opinion. And they do it by the following means:

Struggling Russia tries to create an illusion that there exists a liberal and Socialist backing of Kolchak. The annihilating arithmetic of William Hard is for them only "third-hand information." They probably know, through well organized intelligence service, how Hard got his information. And although Mr. Hard is quoting figures and authoritative statements they do not pay any attention to these and "denounce" his informants, among others, Mr. Alexander Gumberg, as the brother of the present Bolshevist Commissary of post and telegraphs, without mentioning the fact that the prominent European scholar Tim-

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iriasseff has also an official post in Soviet Russia. We must notice, that this denouncing of names was used in the Tsarist papers Zemshchina and Russkoye Znamia which were subsidized by the police department. Is that the way to refute facts? But they try to give some facts also. They claim to be the bearers of the highest truth and honesty and they assert:

> Our magazine came into being and is thriving with the close cooperation of Catherine Breshkovsky, the "Grandmother of the Russian Revolution," the living symbol of the Russian people's struggle for freedom. Catherine Breshkovsky was and is the main contributor to "Struggling Russia," and the spirit and the movement in Russian life, against which the New Republic, together with Mr. Hard, struggles so persistently, is her spirit and the movement she so nobly serves.

It is perfectly true that our grandmother is a constant contributor to Struggling Russia, but it is not at all true that "she struggles so persistently in the spirit" of Struggling Russia. (1) She wrote not a single word either in the pages of Struggling Russia or in Narodnaya Gazeta of New York in favor of Kolchak. (2) When soon after my arrival in this country I went to see her, she said to me: "I do not doubt that the government of Kolchak is the beginning of monarchy in Russia. We will not back him at any rate; I know that a monarchy in Russia will not persist for two hours. Kolchak is beating the Bolsheviki, let him do so." Breshko-Breshkovskaya was thus unconditionally against Kolchak. She wrote in Struggling Russia against Lenin only because of the great struggle she had with him all her life. On the eve of her leaving this country she did not know how to act. She cabled to her friend Pankratov asking information. It is unknown whether she was satisfied by the reply. But it is well known, that the few remnants of moderate liberals in Siberia appraised in the following way the publication of the cabled correspondence of the grandmother:

> (Dalnivostochnoye Obozreniye, June 12, 1919.) It would not be worth while to pay attention to the correspondence of two old friends. Anyone may correspond now about present day affairs. But here we see something more. The two correspondents came out as political workers. In the social arena they appear as guides of democracy. In the case of Breshko-Breshkovskaya as with many other social workers of the heroic epoch of our struggle for freedom we find that strange development of facts, which left them from the beginning of the revolution generals without armies. Within Russia herself the political group represented by Breshko-Breshkovskaya and her old friends plays an insignificant role, although individuals within it undoubtedly possess some little influence either on account of their personal qualities or of their past. At the same time public opinion in Europe, poorly informed about the state of mind in Russia, ascribes to them an influence that they do not possess and is inclined to take their opinions as the voice of real Russia. In particular this is true about Breshko-Breshkovkaya, who in the past was well known in the United States. In this country she is considered even today the leader of Russian democracy. This is not only a tragedy for Russian democracy, but for Breshkovskaya personally. While in the past she was the avant-garde of new Russia, Babushka remains now alone. . . . We do not want to criticize her opinions. We are interested in this method of publicity which at the present time seems to be generally applied and by means of which some persons abroad are influencing irresponsibly Russian social opinion. This type of advertisement is very characteristic of information in Europe and the United States about Russia. . . . By means of a telegram of fifteen lines they think to create a political programme. . . . We hope to be forgiven by the older social workers, who are indubitably deserving of respect, but such a method is more compatible with business arrangements than with politics.

I emphasize again especially for Struggling Russia that these lines are written by very moderate liberals and strong opponents of Bolshevism. They, unlike Mr. Hard, do know how to speak and to read Russian; as Russians they suffer for their country and it is impossible to apply to them this stream of objurgations, which Kovalsky and Sack juggle on the pages of their weekly. This great old heroine, who did not lose her energy at seventy-nine years of age, survived her epoch, and remained among us as a living monument and symbol of the birth and youth of Russia's struggle. She knows it herself. Therefore she was busy in this country not with politics, but with work for the Russian orphanage. The gentlemen of Struggling Russia know it very well, but they have no other basis for their game and they abuse a great name of our past for little and poor aims and as a tool for misleading the public.

The editorial of their issue of June 26, 1919, reads:

> The Russian cause is presented in "Struggling Russia" from week to week, besides Catherine Breshkovsky, by such leaders as Nicholas Tchaikovsky, Vladimir Bourtzev, Prof. Paul Vinogradov, Paul Miliukov.

In the issue of June 18 the additional name is mentioned, Boris Savinkov.

As to these names, I have to quote my own words written elsewhere:

> Tchaikovsky has remained entirely alone, without any support from other Socialists, in the pro-Kolchak organization in Paris—acting not for a party but responsible only to himself. This man of seventy-seven years now represents the Russian Socialists as much as their ally Clémenceau represents the Communaires of 1870-71. Bourtzev, without belonging now to any Socialist party, was reactionary even during the first period of the revolution and now represents the spirit of the Socialists (even the moderate ones) exactly as much as Gustave Hervé represents that of pacifism and anti-militarism. And Savinkov was expelled from the party for his intrigues in the counter-revolution as early as August, 1917 when Kerensky was still in power; he was not even a candidate of any Socialist party in the Constituent Assembly, and this former Socialist represents the Russian Revolution just as much as the former Jacobin Fouchet represented the French Revolution when he acted under Napoleon as minister of police.

As to Miliukov, he certainly represents the cause of the magazine of Messrs. Kovalsky and Sack, but to what extent does he represent the Russian revolution? Take any of his political acts and speeches of the last two and a

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half years and we will have an interesting demonstration. That is the same Miliukov who during shooting and struggles in the streets of Petrograd, dared to say to the crowd: now we will have another more liberal Tsar, the little son of Nicholas II and as regent the Tsar's brother Michail Alexandrovitch. The same Miliukov was the chief leader of Russian aspirations for Constantinople and undermined, together with the Allies, the Provisional Government. The same Miliukov stated nevertheless in August, 1917, in Moscow at the national congress that *he* and *his party* carried on the revolution and not the Socialists. And the whole huge gathering burst out in laughter as at an extraordinary joke. Mr. Kovalsky who is so piously referred to in the editorial of Struggling Russia, mentions Mr. Alexinsky. But this gentleman has done his work in making speeches in 1907 since he represents the spirit of Vladimir Burtzev. When the Tsar arrested the elected radical deputies of the 2d Duma, in 1907, Alexinsky showed very well his revolutionary devotion. The radical factions of the Duma decided then not to fly. They wanted to use their arrest as a last means of propaganda in order to raise the Russian people to a revolutionary protest against violation. When one of the members of the Duma learned of the decision of the Tsar and Stolypin he called up the leader, the famous Socialist Tzeretelli, proposing to help him to run away. Tzeretelli answered over the telephone: "The real representatives of the people are never cowards; they remain in their place." They were arrested two hours later; some of them died in Siberia. Those who remained alive, returned to Petrograd ill and exhausted ten years later at the beginning of the revolution. Mr. Alexinsky was the single man who feared to suffer. He ran away from Petrograd, having left all his heroic comrades. It now seems to him a safe thing to speak again abroad, and he speaks.

Mr. Kovalsky speaks about a group of Socialist Revolutionists called "the will of the people." The author of these lines was one of this group in Petrograd, he was at the same time a contributor to the paper published under the same name. As far as I know our leader Argounof is against Kolchak and is quoted by William Hard. Probably some people in Siberia are using an old name for new and special aims. In the Siberian Press of the last two months I did not find this name.....

It is quite impossible in the space of a magazine article to analyze one by one each of the names and arguments of Struggling Russia, although I should like to do it. But two names of great interest and value (in a certain way) must be mentioned. The first is a great friend of Struggling Russia—the French minister of foreign affairs M. Pichon. In the last issue of Struggling Russia (June 26, 1919) he is given six columns of space. I must confess, that it is perhaps the first time in history that a Russian journalist, who is claiming to represent the new, post-Tsarist Russia, appeals for moral support to an imperialistic minister. I should like only to say, that M. Pichon, who is now such a friend and authority for the Russian information bureau did not deliver a speech in memory of the slain members of the Constituent Assembly nor of the peaceful Russian workmen shot by Nicholas II in the "bloody Sunday" of January 9, 1905, but he delivered a tragic speech in memory of Nicholas II from the floor of the French Chamber of Deputies. Is it that heroic act "that gave him such authority" for the Editor of Struggling Russia? Or is perhaps his wonderful programme of carving Russia better conceived than Bethman-Hollweg and Dr. August Rohrback's programme of "Randstaatspolitik?"

The other name of a person, for whom Struggling Russia made extraordinary publicity is Metropolitan Platon. Metropolitan Platon, archbishop of Kherson and Odessa, came over to this country, and his first words were a warning to the Jews in Russia. Mr. Kovalsky in Struggling Russia had warned them a little time before. Metropolitan Platon tried to correct the bad impression of his first words and in a statement in the New York Times, he asserted, that he was misunderstood by the reporter and that being a friend of the Jewish people he stopped a pogrom in Kiev in 1905. But in the conference with the Greek, Rumanian and Anglican Bishops in this city he repeated in a very exact way his thought, and in The Churchman of July 19, 1919, we read:

> Not a synagogue has been destroyed by the Bolsheviki while fourteen bishops of the Russian Church have been slain with great torture. I warn the Jews woe will be their future in Russia when a stable government is restored.

Thus Metropolitan Platon asserts that he saved the Jews from pogroms in 1905. But he hopes to have revenge in 1919 because no Jewish synagogue was destroyed by the Bolsheviki. Thus he predicts pogroms not only during the transitional period but *"when a stable government is restored."* Evidently Metropolitan Platon is the same as he was in 1905, when I witnessed personally how he saved the Jews. I did not read a single word of appeal by Bishop Platon against the tortures in the terrible days of October 18-22, 1905. And I wish to tell Bishop Platon, that in the Jewish cemetery in Kiev among the many gravestones of the Jews killed during that period there is a great gravestone under which are buried the soiled remnants of the Holy Thorah, the Old Testament which was torn by mobs at the doors of the destroyed synagogues. On the other hand, in June, 1918, in Voronezo, under the rule of the Soviet, the orthodox clergy of that city wanted to arrange a procession, with church standards. The local Soviet fearing anti-Jewish attempts decided to send a detachment of red guards, who escorted the procession all along the main street. A few women guiding children by the hand attended it. After having passed the street the monks and priests returned to their homes without being disturbed. Nevertheless the Metropolitan Platon states that the church is persecuted and the Jews will have to pay for their safe synagogues after Kolchak comes to Moscow. In his appeal to the American people (Struggling Russia, July 26, 1919), he comes again to the question and says:

> Recently a whirlwind of Jewish pogroms (massacres) swept over South Russia, now known as Ukraina, and the whole world was staggered, was aroused to just indignation, for such atrocities can in no way be condoned. But the Russian Christians suffered even more than the Russian Jews. Where the Jews were slain by thousands, the Christians—by tens of thousands.

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Thus according to the figures of Platon only ten per cent of the Jews suffered in comparison with the Christians.

The Russian population is about two hundred millions; the Jews in Russia are about seven millions; that is only 3.5 per cent. Even at the calculation of the Metropolitan the number of Jews injured in Ukrainia was three times as great as the victims of the Civil War.

But that may be a mistake. The story of the pogrom in Kiev in 1905 may be a lack of memory but I am able to state that the Metropolitan Platon, when interviewed by a well known representative of the press in this country, who prefers at present to withhold his name, said: "Help Russia."

"Your Grace, with our boys?"

"Yes, troops, more troops!" was the answer.

On the next day a special courier from the Metropolitan went to the same newspaperman with a request not to print the statement about the troops. And immediately in his next interview (New York Times of June 25, 1918) the Metropolitan asserted that President Wilson was told that it was not necessary to send troops. We do not know, if it was said, perhaps it was, but only for press purposes. On which occasion then has this prominent representative of the orthodox church made an untrue statement? When speaking to President Wilson, to the interviewer of the New York Times or to the above mentioned representative of the press? Somewhere he has lapsed. Somewhere he spoke having entirely forgotten the words of Revelations:

> And there shall in no wise enter into it (Temple of the Lord) anything that defileth, neither anything *whatsoever* that worketh abomination, or maketh a lie. . . . [Revelations xxi, 27.]

The same words he forgot when, for instance, he spoke to the editor of the Churchman (July 26, 1919.)

> He received me graciously. I think he was a bit taken aback when a woman followed the Churchman card into the inner sanctum of the cathedral clergy house. But he told me that in Odessa a woman was the editor of one of his papers and that when he sat in the Duma, although a member of the Right, he amazed his friends by voting with the Left for woman suffrage. . . . Even the Bolsheviki, he says, attend church while Lenin sleeps although they work against the Church when he is awake.

It would be interesting if the Metropolitan would make public (1) the name of that paper in Odessa (I knew the press in Odessa until August last year); (2) whether the famous pogrommaker and political friend of Platon, the member of the "black hundred" (Alliance of the Russian People) Mr. Pelikan was not a contributor to this paper; (3) what is the name of that woman who was editor of that paper. Perhaps it was the very well known leader of the pogrom group, Zemshchina, in Petrograd about eleven years ago, Mme. Poluboyarinova? (4) When was the motion for woman suffrage in the Duma made? As far as I know it was not in the second Duma, of 1907, when the political activities of Bishop Platon were specially energetic. As far as I know a liberal deputy of the first Duma, in 1906, Mr. Roshkof said in his speech: "We must not forget in these historic days the Russian woman. We must not forget that she must be also free; a son of a slave cannot be a citizen." But I do not know and have not seen in the stenographic report, that Bishop Platon then said anything about it; and finally (5) who has reported to Metropolitan Platon as an eye witness that the Bolsheviki waited until Lenin went to sleep in order to run into the church? Or perhaps the Metropolitan saw it personally? Or he stated it only for amusement, for a joke, in order to be as chivalrous as possible to a woman who came to him to learn the truth about Russia? The Metropolitan has changed little in the last twelve years. Then he had also a wonderful gift of strong expression and on March 6, 1907, he even said from the floor of the Duma, answering a challenge of the left: "Pogrommaker? You call me pogrommaker? When I was lying *in mud in the streets* of Kiev praying the mobs not to do the terrible things." (Russkoye Slovo, Moscow, March 7, 1907).

I remember that really on those days it was raining in Kiev. I have seen there mud mixed with blood and human brains, but I did not see any Bishop. I remember very well that there was no need for lying in the mud because for fifteen roubles paid to some policeman, a Jew, could be safe. Many bought their lives then for this humble price. Why then did the richest prelate of the Russian Church not pay the police? Or why should the Russian people "disobey him, if they are so religious and wait until the tyrant Lenin goes to bed and then pray God?"

But Metropolitan Platon, archbishop of Kherson and Odessa, tries to play a political role in spite of his wonderful naiveté and weakness. He dares even to seek support from the prominent Jews in this country. He is a protegé of Mr. Sack, editor of Struggling Russia, who is putting him in touch with the prominent leaders of the American Jewry for special political talks. It is certainly easy to comprehend that no statement about it appears in the press.

The Metropolitan quoted names of many persons suffering because of Bolsheviki. He mentioned General Ivanov who suffered and died without care. It is well to know that General Ivanov was really entirely alone and forgotten but for other than Bolshevist reasons. He was the only Russian general who came to Petrograd in March, 1917, with two regiments from the front in order to suppress the revolution and save the Tsar. Thanks to the soldiers of the Station Luga (one hundred miles from Petrograd) he was compelled to stop his march and go back to the front without the soldiers. The delegates of the Luga Garrison came into the Council of Workmen and Soldiers on the night of March 12th and assured them that they would fight against General Ivanov to the last drop of blood. The tales of Metropolitan Platon are not only jokes; he is suffering for his friends whose names are unknown to the American people and in the style of Jeremiah's lament he asks them to help Russia, to help her fraternally, but not Soviet Russia.

> I am sorry for the people. I do not, however, think there is much use in sending anything into Soviet Russia. The soldiers that surround the people would not let anything pass them.—(Churchman, July 26, 1919.)

The Prelate is sorry and says:

> Woe to all—to you and to us—if the German Spartacists join the Russian Bolsheviki, and a forest of Russo-German bayonets forms one uninterrupted line

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from the Rhine to the Urals!—(Struggling Russia, July 26, 1919.)

With kindness and Christian laments we are thus brought to the idea of justifying the blockade and then from the N. Y. Times, July 25, 1919:

"The Archbishop impressed upon the President the immediate need for medicine, food and *arms* to be sent to *Admiral Kolchak, head of the Omsk Government.* Any further information has to come from the other side." (id) Evidently from the Russian Information Bureau and its Manager the so-called Russian Ambassador in Washington.

I regret that the reverend prelate quoting somewhere a French newspaperman, remembering the Greek and Roman armies of Caesar like an expert in the history of strategy did not read the New Testament before publishing his statement. He would find there the following words:

> Now do ye, pharisees, make clean the outside of the cup and the platter but your inward part is full of ravening and wickedness. (Luke xi. 39.)

It remains to recall some details in order to have a complete impression of the political and moral features of this new contributor of Struggling Russia.

In the unfortunate second Duma of 1907 Bishop Platon was a prominent member of the faction of pogrommakers and autocrats such as Pourishkevich, who terrorized the Duma and who had only abusive words for the Jews, and for freedom and democracy. Such also was Shoulgin who said at the session of March 12, 1907, in the Duma that V. Korolenko, the oldest and greatest humanistic Russian writer after Leo Tolstoy, was a murderer because of his democratic ideals; such also was Krushevan the famous organizer of the Kishinief pogrom in 1904; such was Bishop Eulogious, (whose suffering Platon laments in his statement in The Churchman). The latter with Bishop Platon came to the Tsar in the last days of May 1907 accompanied by all the people just mentioned and asked him to disperse the Duma. It was dispersed on June 3, 1907, and all the Lefts were arrested. The state catechism of Platon was very simple. When the Duma required from the government of Stolypin help for unemployed workmen, Platon said, "The cause of unemployment is the strikes. Better not strike" (Novoye Vremya, Petrograd, March 16, 1907). As to the Duma's protest against the field court martial which condemned thousands to death throughout the country the statement was: Do not force the Tsar to such means; do not make trouble. A similar statement was made by Eulogius on March 12, 1907 (Russkoye Slovo, Moscow, of the same date). The liberal priest, Grygory Petrov, was put in jail without having committed any crime, and in spite of the fact that he was an elected deputy of the Duma on the advice of the Sacrosanct Synod. He then wrote a letter to Metropolitan Antony in which he characterized the Russian clergy of Platon's kind in the following words:

> What the Russian clergy does now and especially the highest clergy in approving all the terrors of the government may perhaps be called devotion to Tsardom, but it is undubitably a betrayal of the task of the church, a betrayal of the commandments of Christ, disdain of the needs of the people, a sacrificing of the people's sufferings in favor of the ruling power.

Now we know and understand the situation, though Metropolitan Platon said to the editor of the Churchman on July 26, 1919, that he does not. We understand why the Bolsheviki convicted him before their arrival in Odessa.

Another and the last remark: Metropolitan Platon said to the reporter of the Evening Sun:

> In September, 1918, thanks to Tikhon, an autonomous ecclesiastical district was established in the Ukraine. The revolutionary administration, intent on the complete separation of the Ukraine from Russia, subjected the southern Ukraine Orthodox Church to persecution to the benefit of the Galician Uniates. On December 5 Antonius of Kiev, head of the Ukraine Church, was arrested and taken from Kiev without any reason that Archbishop Platon can ascertain. Archbishop Platon has called upon Meletius, Metropolitan of Athens, to intercede for Antonius and to help him free Antonius and Eulogius, Archbishop of Volonè, arrested with Antonius.—(The Churchman, July 19, 1919.)

Who Eulogius was we told above. I should like to correct some inaccuracies in this statement. *No persecution of the Church took place* at this time in Ukraine. Just the contrary. After the counter-revolution General Skoropadsky favored the church as well as the Tsar. He personally attended Antonius' and Tikhon's celebrations on the Sophia place in Kiev. And a pogrom agitation began.

On the day of the death of Andrey Yushchinsky at the same place a mass in his memory took place under leadership of Antonius and Tikhon. Youshchinsky was the boy who was mysteriously killed in Kiev in 1911, and whose death was the cause of the monstrous Beiliss trial, arranged by the clergy and the Tsar's minister of justice, Shchegpovitof. Beiliss was accused as a Jew of spilling Christian blood. The trial has gone down to history as the most scandalous and mediaeval cruelty of the Tsar's government and church. I do not know whether Bishop Platon, who was at that time in New York, "lay in the mud of the streets," but his friends are still celebrating this mediaeval cruel tale, and they use it for their church purposes.

Skoropadsky's censorship protected them from publicity and responsibility. In the markets of Kiev a pogrom spirit arose. Perhaps now the Metropolitan is able to "ascertain a reason" why his friends and cooperators, Tikhon and Eulogius and Antony, were arrested? I cannot help but remember that moment of Christ's wandering throughout Palestine when He went once to Jerusalem,

> And found in the temple those that sold oxen, and sheep and doves and the changers of money sitting.
>
> And when he had made a scourge of small cords he drove them all out of the temple and the sheep and the oxen and he drove out the changers of money and overthrew the tables, and said unto them. . . . take these things hence; make not my Father's house an house of merchandise.—(St. John ii. 14, 15, 16.)

Sapienti sat . . .

I should like to hear from Struggling Russia, whether, according to them, it is unavoidably necessary in order to know and to say all these things to be an "ex-pacifist, pro-Gergan and parlor-Bolshevik," and whether it is fair to use Archbishop Platon for Russian democracy's

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sake and to abuse Grandmother Breshko Breshkovsky in the columns of a magazine of the kind which we used to call in the old times the *reptile press?*

New York City. GREGORY ZILBOORG.

CORRESPONDENCE

Germany's Need of Food

SIR: Your readers may be interested in the enclosed extracts from documents sent to me by an Englishwoman devoted to her country but broad-minded enough to long to seize the opportunity for practical Christianity afforded by the present need in the Central Empires. My friend writes: "What a mockery spring must seem to the millions hovering on the brink of starvation throughout Central and Eastern Europe! We who are so well off can scarcely imagine what it is to have to wear paper underclothing, or have none at all, to have no soap, no lubricants for any kind of machinery, no medicines, no disinfectants in time of illness, and to have suffered the want of these things for three years or more."

One naturally turns to the New Republic in passing on an appeal like this, because of its high patriotism.

Prof. Johansson of the Neutral Commission who visited Germany in January reports: "About 1,600,000 people were killed in the war, but almost half this number fell victims to the food shortage produced by the blockade. The population has decreased in an unprecedented degree by reason of the declining birth-rate. Germany now has four million fewer children than in normal pre-war times.

[Dagens Nyheter, Stockholm, Lib., March 30, 1919]

Dr. Rubner writes in the German Medical Weekly on the effects of the blockade. He gives the figures of deaths of army and civil population since 1914 as:—

Army, all causes, 1,621,000.

Civil population, through blockade, 763,000, of which 260,000 is for 1917 and 294,000 to the end of 1918. He comes to the conclusion that even now any improvement in the condition, as regards nourishment of the German people will be possible only in a very partial degree; above all capacity for work will not increase to the needed extent.

[Vorwaerts, April 11, 1919.]

In a report made by five doctors of neutral lands, Swedish, Norwegian and Dutch, dated April 11, 1919, after they had collected information in Berlin, Halle and Dresden, they say: "The food concessions under the Brussels agreement are altogether inadequate. The most they do is to maintain the present necessitous food conditions. . . . Immediate help is necessary. Every day of delay risks immeasurable injury not only to the whole of Europe, but to the whole world."

The Swedish Red Cross Delegates sent to Germany in order to make arrangements for getting over to Sweden underfed German children have now returned to Stockholm. The first transport will contain 500 Berlin children.

The delegates describe the want in Germany as appalling. During the revolution days nothing at all could be got for the babies in some places except hot water, and many died, but this was nothing unusual in Berlin. The children were underfed, feeble and rachitic everywhere. Often children four or five years old were unable to walk. In many places the schools had to be closed because of the general want. Tuberculosis has increased by 60 per cent. Because of this older children than at first proposed must be sent to Sweden. . . . There are also negotiations going on regarding children from the other famishing countries. The German government has promised to transport the Belgian children free of charge from Belgium to Sassnitz.

The interest in Sweden for the war children is immense. Fifteen hundred invitations have already been made from single peasants' homes, and about £3000 has been collected, mostly in small contributions from the poorer classes. Their willingness to sacrifice is great, but of course much more money is still needed.

Stockholm-Tidningen (Liberal) 29th March.

Wellesley, Massachusetts. VIDA D. SCUDDER.

Course on Russia at the New School of Social Research

SIR: I presume that everyone who is pro-Soviet or pro-Kolchak, or anti-Soviet or anti-Kolchak, thinks he is for Russia, but there seems to me a great difference between the doctrinaire partisanship that is the heart of nearly all current comment on Russia, and a real concern for the welfare of the millions of individuals who make up the Russian people. Coming home after more than two years in Russia, I have been surprised both by the very widespread interest in Russia and by the few sources of disinterested information. Even such information as there is centres on the superficial, political and military events of the day. The fundamental characteristics of the country and the great forces which under this surface, are working themselves out and shaping the Russia of ten years hence, pass for the most part unnoticed.

The new Russia looks to America. Our opportunity is unlimited. But if we are to realize it, if we are to accomplish the measure of help it is within our power to give, we must stop seeing things either black or white, and see them whole. Cannot our press, in the interest of a real popular understanding, take a less partisan attitude, and give more attention to the essentials? Cannot Russia find a larger place in our university curricula? I have noticed with interest that the New School for Social Research announces for the coming year a course on Social Forces in Modern Russia by Moissaye Olgin, whose recent book, The Soul of the Russian Revolution, is so excellent an attempt to clarify the background and actual forces of the new Russia. Can we not have more such sources for reaching a comprehensive and non-partisan understanding of a country whose significance for the world of the future, few of us realize?

New York City. S. P.

Lecturers on Russia

SIR: In response to widespread requests, there has been organized a bureau to supply speakers on different phases of the Russian question to open forums, churches, women's clubs, unions, educational institutions, etc. Requests received will be transmitted to those who have first-hand knowledge of conditions in Soviet Russia and Siberia —Red Cross officials, Y. M. C. A. or Y. W. C. A. secretaries, government officials, journalists, etc.

Available for this service are men holding different attitudes towards Russian revolutionary parties, but united in advocating self-determination for Russia, lifting of the blockade, etc.

AMERICAN FRIENDS OF RUSSIA,
c/o The Dial,
152 W. 13 St., New York City.

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Dr. Liber and the Post Office

SIR: I shall try to give you information concerning the suppression of my book in the following lines:

In 1915 a Yiddish book on Sexual Life was published in New York. It contained a series of articles written by the undersigned that had been printed in a Yiddish magazine between 1910 and 1915. Both the magazine and the book circulated freely and were distributed by the Post Office without any objection. In May, 1918 a second edition of the same book, with practically the same contents as the first edition, was published. On June 28, 1918 the Post Office notified me that the book was unmailable under Section 211 of the Criminal Code. Advertisements of the book in the press were also unmailable. On July 11, 1918 I wrote the Post Office at Washington as follows: "Kindly inform me whether the book as a whole is unmailable, or whether there are some parts in it which are incriminated; if so, I may be able to eliminate the illegal parts in a later edition." On July 15th the Solicitor of the Post Office wrote me: "In reply I beg to advise you that this Department is unable to comply with your request. Under the postal laws and regulations it is not within the province of officials of the Post Office Department to express opinions arising under the postal statutes, except by way of advice or direction to other postal officials; persons using the mails in the conduct of private enterprises must act upon their own responsibility, and it is incumbent upon them to keep within the law." [*This is really impossible without advice from the Department, as the interpretation of the law is very variable.—Dr. B. L.*] In the same letter was enclosed a copy of Sections 211 and 212 of the Penal Code, now 1129, as amended by the Act of March 4, 1911, with a pencil mark underlining the words "*publication of an indecent character.*"

My reply was, among other things, as follows: "Kindly give me an opportunity to prove to you that my book is not a publication of an indecent character; that it is a very decent, highly moral, serious, instructive work; that it is a scientific book; that its readers very often discontinue to have immoral intercourse as an effect of the book; that the way in which my book is edited is perfectly adapted to gain the confidence of the Yiddish reader, who is mostly socially minded, in order to improve his morals; that I, its author, am in the list of speakers on sexual diseases organized by a committee of the National Defense Council; that other books of exactly the same character are mailable; that physicians approve it and praise it; that this book has not been published for the purpose of a personal profit." To this communication of mine the Post Office did not reply.

In August I sent to the Post Office by express a copy of the book from which a few special pages had been tentatively torn out. To this the Post Office made answer: "The elimination of the pages as shown will not bring the book within the law as to what may be accepted for mailing."

Not being able to appeal to courts, because of the lack of the large sums of money such an action would demand, I wrote to an acquaintance of mine, Dr. X. (you know his name), who is employed with the Bureau of the U. S. Public Health Service, asking him to help me. Dr. X. wrote me on November 6th last: "I spoke to the Assistant Surgeon General of this Bureau, and he will, I am sure, do what he can in the matter. He is chief of all the Bureau's anti-venereal activities."

On December 27th Dr. X. wrote me: "The Post Office still insists your book is obscene, but the Solicitor has agreed to indicate to *us* just what are the objectionable parts, so that these may be expunged by you. The matter was thus decided this morning and I hope to be able soon to give you the desired information. *The Division of Venereal Diseases put in a strong plea for the value of the book in educating the public.*"

But now comes the interesting part of the story. On January 16, 1919 Dr. X. wrote me: "After taking up the matter of preparing a revised edition of your book, with the solicitor of the Post Office Department, *we have apparently come to the point where nothing further can be done.* I expect to be in New York next Monday or Tuesday and if you let me know where I can reach you on the telephone, I shall be glad to call you up *and give you some further information.*"

I understood that the information must be of such a nature that my informant did not care to give it in writing. By telephone Dr. X. told me that the Post Office in reality had no reason to consider the book as indecent and did not regard it as such, that *the real reason* given orally was *that the book had too strong radical leanings, that it was too revolutionary in explaining the social causes of disease and of prostitution* and that the action of the Post Office certainly was illegal in my case, but that under such circumstances the Bureau of Public Health Service could not help me.

The preface to my book is written by Dr. Maurice Fishberg, who is a prominent physician and medical teacher at New York University and Bellevue Medical College.

One of the bulletins of the Department of Health of New York City for April 1914 published a very laudatory "appreciation" of my work, referring to the articles which later formed the book in question.

It is interesting to note that while my book was condemned as being too revolutionary—under the pretext that it was "indecent"—I was invited to become the editor of the medical department of the U. S. Foreign Press Bureau, a branch of the Committee on Public Information, in which capacity I worked until the closing of that Bureau.

In addition I have been for many years a lecturer on health matters for the New York City Board of Education.

It is certainly unwise to condemn an educative, popular text book on sexual life, a book combating quackery, at present, when the United States Government is making an effort to print and spread as much literature on the subject as possible, when various state boards of health and the American Social Hygiene Association are spending money to enlighten the people and so to reduce venereal troubles of all sorts. And while my book is unmailable, similar books and booklets, published by private concerns and by official bodies, circulate freely, as they should. On the other hand, quack literature also, swindling thousands of young men into physical and mental troubles and into spending a large part of their income unnecessarily, also circulates freely, as it should not.

It is not astonishing that you have not heard of my fight with the Post Office. It was a silent fight between an individual and a powerful institution. I could not possibly expect any help from the press, not even from the Yiddish progressive press, which is not courageous enough to protest efficiently against the Post Office and which is not at the height to understand the importance of such a book for the masses.

B. LIBER, M.D., Ph.D.

New York City.

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Symons the Interpreter

The Symbolist Movement in Literature, by Arthur Symons. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Cities, Sea-Coasts and Islands, by Arthur Symons. New York: Brentano's.

ARTHUR SYMONS is before everything else an interpreter. He has written about cities; about men and women; about sculpture, painting and dancing; about music and poetry, and we feel when we have read an essay of his on any of these subjects that he has conveyed one of the significant secrets of the thing he has placed before us. His gift of interpretation, with his great knowledge and his continuously interesting method, make him the most influential critic since Walter Pater.

It was he who made the corridor through which came the traffickings between the poets of London and the poets of Paris. His Symbolist Movement in Literature was the evangel of a new poetry. Now as we read them in the new and enlarged edition of the book, we feel that if these essays have a fault it comes from their extraordinary merit. So fascinating were they that they have become part of the texture of many minds. The ideas in them have been made into current coin. And so we come to read many of the essays now without the delight and surprise that are the proper dues of such discoveries.

The method which Arthur Symons used in writing about Symbolism in literature—it is Symbolism in French literature only—was not the historical method. The critic was not looking back on a period in literature; he was living in that period, and he wrote about the ideas that belonged to it with all the enthusiasm of the evangelist. Verlaine and Mallarmé were yet living; Maeterlinck was still a mystic; Baudelaire and Villiers De L'Isle-Adam had just passed away, and of the undoubted Symbolists Gerard De Nerval was the only one whose life was distant. The Symbolist Movement of which these writers were the representatives was influencing all Europe. Then W. B. Yeats was declaring that the tumult of life would never again be shown in the arts; that poetry would be of essences, separated one from another in little intense poems; then he was quoting Mallarmé about the poets not seeking to reproduce "the intense dense wood of trees"—"they would seek only to render the horror of the forest, or the silent thunder of the leaves."

All this seems remote in these strenuous after-the-war days. But what is not, and what cannot be remote from the poets of today or from the poets of any day is the ardent spirit with which the writers of the Symbolist movement forsook the world for the sake of their creative souls. That ardour is in Huysman's phrase about "the uselessness of concerning oneself about anything but about mysticism and the liturgy, of thinking about anything but about God." It is in Villiers de L'Isle-Adam's "Thou art what thou thinkest; therefore think thyself eternal." It is in Mallarmé's "The pure work implies the elocutionary disappearance of the poet, who yields place to the words, immobilized by the shock of their inequality; they take light from mutual reflection, like an actual trail of fire over precious stones, replacing the old lyric afflatus or the enthusiastic personal direction of the phrase." These men may not have been great creators in literature, but they were adepts in it, as there are adepts in the religious mysteries.

The Symbolist Movement came, as Arthur Symons notes in his introduction to the present volume, after the world had starved its soul in the contemplation and the re-arrangement of material things—after the first domination of science on man's spirit. There was the celebration of visible things by the romanticists, there was the glorification of actual things by the realists. Then came "a literature in which the visible world is no longer a reality, and the unseen world no longer a dream." It may be that social organization will come to dominate man's spirit as science once dominated it. If that should happen poetry may be redeemed by a consideration of what Arthur Symons wrote about the first of the Symbolists.

Gerard de Nerval, then, had divined, before all the world, that poetry should be a miracle; not a hymn to beauty, nor a description of beauty, nor beauty's mirror; but beauty itself, the color, fragrance, and form of the imagined flower, as it blossoms again out of the page. Vision, the overpowering vision, had come to him beyond, if not against, his will; and he knew that vision is the root out of which the flower must grow. Vision had taught him symbol, and he knew that it is by symbol alone that the flower can take visible form. He knew that the whole mystery of beauty can never be comprehended by the crowd, and that while clearness is a virtue of style, perfect explicitness is not a necessary virtue.

The Symbolist Movement in Literature as it exists now would have more unity if it were less crowded. The volume opens with an essay on Balzac. Now Balzac's connection with Symbolism can be established, for Balzac was a mystic and he saw and made us feel that much of the actuality he dealt with was a symbol of spiritual reality. But what has Zola to do with Symbolists? What has Gautier, for whom the visible world existed, and what has Méramée, for whom the intelligible world existed, to do with them? These four writers have no place in a book devoted to symbolism in literature, and the essays upon them, fine and informing as they are, break the unity of the study.

In his travels, too, Arthur Symons is an interpreter. The scenes his mind dwells upon in Cities, Sea Coasts and Islands reveal a landscape or a piece of racial history. One will hardly forget that essay on the Spanish city, Tarragona, that is built up of the ruins of a Roman town and left still fragmentary, restless and impoverished. At the close of the essay he speaks of "El Milagro," the prison where one can look down from the railings to where a line of prisoners are at their convict tasks.

And that centre of lives that had come to grief, all that pent-up violence is set there between the city and the sea, for idle people to look down upon all day; and all day long, beggars or children, or casual passers, stand leaning over these railings, staring down into the prison yard. As many people, I think, look at the prison as at the sea; some of them cannot see the sea for the prison, and their eyes stop there on the way. And for everyone who looks on the sea there is the prison thrusting itself between one's sight and the sea, more desolate than any ruin, a wicked spot one cannot wipe off from the earth.

His interpretation of racial spirit is shown in such descriptions as that of the mosque in Cordova which has been made into a Christian church—"The Arabs did not build high, they built wide; and they sent their imagination out like arrows, hither and thither in a flight at once random and mathematical. How singular a contrast, is there not, with Gothic building, whose broad base is set for a steady heavenward ascension yet whose caprices, in every entertainment to which line lends itself, are all so material and of the earth! And so it seems to me that the architecture of the mosque is after all a more immaterial worship of the idea of God than any Christian architecture." The same keen

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insight into racial life is shown in the essays on the paintings of Seville, on the Bull Fight in Valencia, on the Spanish Music Hall. The essays on Saint Theresa and Saint John of the Cross, fine in themselves, contain extraordinarily fine translations of the poetry of these two most articulate of the saints. Cities, Sea-Coasts and Islands is about Spain and France, about London, Cornwall and the West of Ireland. It is not an artist's sketch-book nor is it a writer's note-book; it is a book in which the most remarkable of the impressionist writers, and the one with the most singular curiosity, gives finished studies of places that for him have history.

PADRAIC COLUM.

The Cooperative Movement

Cooperation and the Future of Industry, by L. S. Woolf. New York: The Macmillan Co.

MR. WOOLF has written a book of extraordinary interest. The Cooperative Movement in general is so well known that few people now attempt any examination of the principles upon which it is based or the operation of those principles. They take it for granted that the idea of the Rochdale pioneers has stood the test of time. They point out that cooperation is, on the whole, successful rather with articles of general consumption than where more specialized tastes are concerned. They note the generally democratic character of the Cooperative Movement. They are sometimes acquainted with the earliest and most brilliant of Mrs. Webb's work which showed that she was the supplement and not the creation of her husband. But there has, thus far, been too little critical analysis of the principles and spirit of a striking industrial attitude; and Mr. Woolf, who writes from the standpoint of a convinced but detached sympathizer, has done a very useful task in clearing the ground for discussion. His book has a very special interest for Americans; for cooperation, which has conquered England and Belgium and Germany, seems, New England apart, to make little wholesale progress in this country. It would be an inquiry of very real utility if some student of economic psychology would give us the explanation of this curiosity.

The Cooperative Movement is an association of consumers who control production for use instead of for profit. In England the Cooperative Movement has a membership of over three millions and does a business of which the annual volume is over half a billion dollars. Its capital consists of one pound shares which may be withdrawn but cannot be transferred. The interest upon them, no matter what the profits, is limited to five per cent; and no matter how many shares the member holds he only has one vote in the direction of the society. The society is governed ultimately by a general meeting which elects the Board of Directors upon which, as a rule, employees are not allowed to serve. In the larger societies, the directors are, of course, full-time men; in the smaller they give up their evenings to the work with which they are entrusted. All of them are subject to re-election and all of them are members of the working class both by training and by inheritance. The different societies are federated into the Cooperative Wholesale Society which sells to its constituent branches the goods they in turn sell to their members. Each member gets a dividend from the local society upon the basis of his purchases; and each local society gets a similar dividend in turn from the wholesale. The fundamental point of the institution thus is that all the profits are returned to the consumer. Production has, for its aim, the sole purpose of being useful to the consumer.

It is not too much to say that the Cooperative Movement is a genuine way of life, and Mr. Woolf admirably shows how its democratic origins and democratic control make it avoid the grosser evils traditionally associated with the capitalist system. But the movement is emphatically an association of consumers; and it is thus antithetic to socialism and syndicalism alike. The real purpose of Mr. Woolf's book is to show how it is therein superior to the solutions offered us by Fabians like Mr. Webb or National Guildsmen like Mr. Cole for curing the evils of the present industrial situation. He is not concerned to deny the present defects of the Cooperative Movement. He admits that it has not yet solved the problem of its relations with trade unionism. He admits also that it cannot, without deserting its principles, embark upon foreign trade save insofar as there are other cooperative societies in foreign countries with whom exchange is possible. He does not deny that, so far, the classes of commodities with which it deals make it more suited to fulfill the needs of a group whose wages vary from two to four pounds a week than of groups well above the margin of comfortable subsistence; though he argues, with some force, that if the middle classes would join the Cooperative Movement, their demand for new commodities would ensure a supply of them. Mr. Woolf is opposed to socialism because, theoretically and from recent experience, he does not think it is fitted to embark upon the regulation of trade. He is opposed to syndicalism in any of its forms, mild or extreme, on the ground that it merely substitutes organized producers for organized capitalism and leaves the consumer equally at their mercy. Since all production is for the purpose of consumption it seems to him logical that the ultimate control should be vested in the consumers. It is toward the erection of such a system that he accordingly turns.

The starting-point of his speculations is the important fact that the Cooperative Movement has decided, as a result of its experience of the last four years, to embark upon a political career. It was shamefully treated by the government. An association of which the fundamental fact is the elimination of profits was taxed upon profits it did not and could not make. The Prime Minister was too busy to see its deputations, though he was not too busy to see a deputation from the jockey club. The Cooperative leaders therefore made, after some hesitation, an alliance with the trade unions; and Mr. Woolf points out with justice that with over three million members behind them they constitute an electoral force with which every statesman must reckon. The present system, Mr. Woolf urges, is bound ultimately to lead to disaster; and the only efficacious alternative is to make use of the logical implications of the movement. If every citizen, say above the age of seventeen, were forced to become a member of a cooperative society, ultimately federated into a national organization this latter body would be synonymous with the state. It would determine what ought to be produced and the producers themselves, organized in strong unions, would prevent the development of a consumers' tyranny. The world would recognize that the labor necessary for industrial production is unpleasant and it would therefore conscript the services of its members for this purpose. The adult population

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would be classified according to its capacity for the different types of industrial labor and called upon annually to do their share in producing the goods required. Mr. Woolf suggests that, under such a scheme, four months' labor annually on the part of each adult would suffice to provide for the fundamental needs of the community; and each consumer could devote his remaining energy to politics or science or painting or poetry according to his needs and desires.

The system, as Mr. Woolf points out, is not more ridiculous than one " under which the lives of millions of human beings consists . . . in performing the same monotonous operation nine or ten hours daily in order to earn a barely living wage." But to demonstrate the wastefulness of capitalism is not the same thing as to demonstrate the virtues of cooperation. Mr. Woolf can hardly have realized the complexities of the modern industrial system if the picture he paints really represents his full speculations. It would doubtless be admirable if it were possible for Pennsylvania to summon two hundred members of the Union League Club to coal-mining; but you do not become a coal-miner except by being trained to it. And if a man who had become expert wanted to change his occupation, who would Mr. Woolf provide for him? He might become a skilful longshoreman; but the longshoreman with whom he changed places would not become equally valuable for the purposes of coal-production. And it is difficult to avoid a certain sense of waste, say in sending Lord Morley to plant seeds for four months in the year when he might be studying (to our greater advantage) the philosophy of compromise. Would Mr. Woolf exclude administrators from his categories of service? And teachers? And in an age when the vital need is more production, how does he arrive at the calculation of four months' service except upon the basis of a uniformity of the kinds of output which would destroy the whole quality of civilization. Surely, too, in such a social system the real power is going to lie in the hands of those who classify the population. We should be in the hands of a bureaucracy more terrible even than the vision that, in Mr. Wells's private nightmares, Mr. Sidney Webb is popularly supposed to dream of in bed o' nights. Few of us would object to eight months' annual leisure; but there must be a closer scrutiny of its purchase-price than Mr. Woolf has given us.

It is better, perhaps, to return to the more solid ground of the Cooperative Movement's embarkation upon political life. Mr. Woolf obviously expects great results from its effort. But it is important to remember that the average cooperator is not, as yet, particularly interested in the experiment, and that where he is, he is usually a trade unionist who is already occupied with the future of the Labor party. What an outsider cannot but feel is that the real service the movement can render the modern state lies in different directions. It can, in the first place, force the average workingman for his dependence in the fundamental commodities like bread and coal and clothing from dependence upon the capitalist system. Therein is implied an educational effort in the ethics of cooperation which is bound to result in good. It can, in the second place, make experiments in the control of workshop conditions with an environment more favorable than any other for their success. It is only when the movement has shown its full willingness democratically feel its logical fitness for greater energies.

H. J. L.

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The Economic Basis

The Only Possible Peace, by Frederic C. Howe, Ph.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Experiments in International Administration, by Francis Bowes Sayre. New York: Harper & Bros.

TO the end of the chapter American public opinion has been uninformed about the inner issues of the great war. The more enlightened of our publicists did what they could to pierce through the political to the economic causes, but their work was done too late to get wide currency for their views. Profitably to American public sentiment, both of the books here under consideration could have appeared two years ago; in fact the armistice antedated them both. Discussion of the same subjects which Mr. Howe and Mr. Sayre treat was contained in well-circulated English volumes which appeared in 1915 and 1916—books which have helped to shape contemporary liberal opinion in England, books to which these two authors are largely indebted. It must always be a matter of real regret that our English masters in economics will not be read more eagerly by Americans and that the American dilutions and interpretations of groups like the Fabians and of men like Hobson, Brailsford, and Dickinson are so unthoroughly done.

These two books have a common bond, one which links them also to their insular teachers. They both urge the desirability and the possibility of international organizations which shall be really effective because they are concerned with the vital economic issues. Mr. Sayre is, of course, preoccupied with machinery and method. But his illustrations of existing international agents indicate that the useful ones have had power and have dealt with matters upon which necessity dictated cooperation. Mr. Sayre draws heavily upon the Fabian study on International Government, by Leonard S. Woolf; but he lacks the setting of a convinced point of view. He sticks closely to the facts and leaves the reader to draw his own inferences.

Mr. Howe does the precise opposite. His point of view is clear; his conclusions are set forth with the emphasis of repetition. He grasps the truth that raw materials and the whole problem of the use of the world's material resources has been one of the issues most fundamentally at stake. Being by long tradition an advocate of the "new freedom," he sees the way out of national selfishness and economic aggrandisement in a condition of "freedom." Freedom of the seas, freedom of markets, free access to raw material and to investment areas, free trade:—these are desired ends if life is to be tolerable and peace be assured. Admittedly a degree of international organization would be necessary to guarantee this freedom; but it would still be true that any League would be best that had to govern least. In other words, Mr. Howe still cherishes the hope of salvation out of the working of natural law, free interplay of natural forces and negative rather than positive interposition of governmental agencies. The case is not so much argued as asserted. He is sure that the new freedom applied all around the world will bring economic order and stability.

It is a pleasant thought—until one recalls that the freedom of competition among nations without right motive brought us to the world conflict. Even if we could assume a right motive—even if the peoples of the world were determined to use the resources of the world to provide as effectively and adequately as possible for the real needs of all its citizens—the removal of economic barriers could by itself achieve little. Machinery through which goodwill and generous motive can materialize is indispensable. It is doubly indispensable in a world faced with an absolute shortage of some goods, in a world still racked by the passion and bitterness which seeks an impossible satisfaction of its revenge emotion. The British Labor Party's maxim that "none shall have cake till all have had bread," requires in its present day international application a degree of positive and constructive control which is in the last analysis at odds with Mr. Howe's conclusions. The same is true of the distribution of coal, copper, rubber, cotton and other key products. Free trade assures that these commodities reach the economically aggressive and clever. Benevolent and pacifically-intentioned international control would assure that they reached the several peoples of the globe in accordance with their known needs.

However, despite Mr. Howe's inherently laissez-faire position, he does a valuable service. Especially in underscoring his analysis of the dangers of America's creditor position does he call attention to our gravest national temptation.

> On the termination of the war we shall be almost the only country to which the world can come for loans. . . . A continuous and quiet propaganda is being carried on for the creation of a public opinion that will support the doctrine of diplomatic support to trade, the making of loans, and the export of "surplus" capital to other countries, and the necessity for a great navy as a potential and necessary agency to other Powers and weaker states.

This, he says with rightful emphasis, "is the after-war menace. It cannot be lightly disposed of. It is the menace of imperialism and of future wars as well. It is also a menace to democracy."

Whether or not one accepts his "free" remedies, one cannot but be impressed with the candor and earnestness of Mr. Howe's exposition. Far from being rendered passé by the issuance of the peace treaty, books like these two deserve more careful study than ever. For the public opinion of the world has yet to be brought to demand the machinery of a vitalized league—of a society of nations bonded together by the necessarily joint administration of the world's economic possessions. O. T.

Physical Chemistry

A System of Physical Chemistry, by W. C. M. Lewis. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

A PHILOSOPHER or man of letters who attended the last congress of chemists in New York might easily have imagined himself following the deliberations of a board of factory managers or chefs of large hotels. He would have witnessed a constant exchange of useful recipes and plans for improving operations but very little concern with general ideas or theories that help us to a scientific understanding of the physical universe. Indeed the text books of chemistry of a generation ago hardly differ in method from glorified cook-books or catalogues raisonnés of materia chemica. Yet chemistry tests not only material substances but also theoretical ideas, and produces not only new compounds but also new formulae and interpretations of the book of nature. Within recent years chemistry has provided us with new concepts of vital or physical processes and has profoundly modified the old ideas as to the indestructibility of matter and as to the nature of elements, energy, and equilibrium. The greatest progress in this re-

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spect has taken place in the field now known as physical chemistry.

Active pioneer workers in this as in other fields are primarily interested in their special problems, and their communications are addressed to their fellow explorers in the form of technical memoirs, so that the large public in the rear remains uninformed as to the general progress. This situation can improve only when systematic treatises succeed the special monographs scattered in the technical periodicals. For this reason, the appearance of what may be called the first systematic English treatise on physical chemistry, though addressed to advanced technical students, is not without interest to the general public. Despite the absence of the orderly clarity characteristic of the French or the systematic thoroughness adored by the Germans, Prof. Lewis's book is a fairly complete and useful collection of the principal lines of research in this field. Though our author himself is completely absorbed in the careful and thorough working out of details, the general arrangement and trend of the book makes clear to the reflective reader the passing of the older, hard and absolute mechanical view, and the substitution for it of the modern empirical or statistical view of nature. Despite its reputed hostility to religion the older mechanical science was not free from that central absolutism which both religion and science inherited from the older oriental despotism. Both viewed the universe as absolutely controlled by a central authority, governing by inflexible laws of absolute uniformity. Since the middle of the 19th century there has grown up, principally through reflection on the facts of physical chemistry by men like Willard Gibbs, a more pluralistic and decentralized view of nature, according to which the seeming uniformity and order of nature is the simple result of applying averages to the free conduct of the enormously large number of corpuscles that constitute the physical objects on the natural scene. Whether we turn to the unimaginably large masses which are the subject of physical astronomy or to the infinitesimally minute corpuscles of physical chemistry the absolute uniformity of the laws of nature turns out to be illusory. Everywhere closer study with instruments of greater precision reveals peculiar anomalies and unaccountable variations that cannot be tucked away under the convenient rubric of "probable error." Professor Lewis does not hesitate to give a clear and sympathetic account of the recent quanta theory, according to which energy is radiated in pulses rather than in absolutely continuous streams, even though this may run afoul of the Hamiltonian equations of motion which have so long dominated all of our physical science.

When centralized monarchies are all abolished and the world is politically federalized, our philosophers and theologians may wake up to the fact that, after all, our whole universe is but a very loosely federated system of worlds.

M. R. C.

Contributors

to this issue

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT, a graduate of Bryn Mawr College, and the author of French Perspectives. She was in France during the war.

S. ADELE SHAW, recently appointed assistant managing editor of the Survey, was for two years previous to that a member of the editorial staff of the New York Post.

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¶ Here is a reprint in full of a review of "The Choice," by Maurice Weyl, which was printed in The Chicago Herald-Examiner on July twentieth.
¶ I predict that three years from now the name of Maurice Weyl will be a trademark for the best in American fiction. Why not read "The Choice" now?
MITCHELL KENNERLEY

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Asenath was beautiful with a graceful manner, but she was *scanted in the gift of brains. She simply had a low-powered mind.* And she fell in love with a man of excellent intelligence, the love being mutual. Naturally, after the marriage, which seemed to have been wisely and thoughtfully entered upon, there were settlements to make.

The girl's family, the McBrides, prim, church-going folk, are as real as they are excellent, a foil for the man's people, the Larneds, cultured, kindly, broadminded. The relationship in each family of the various members is out of the fibre of American life. And crowning all, is the puzzling problem of "The Choice," which seems in the face of everything, more like kismet. It's provocative.

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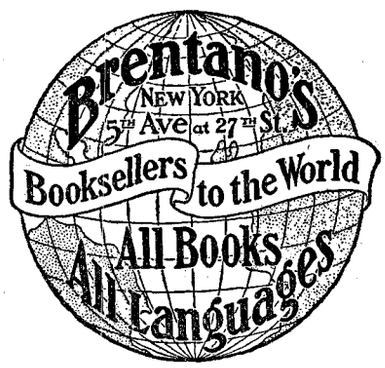

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